

PLUCK AND LUCK

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PERCY GREVILLE;

THE SCOUT OF VALLEY FORGE. *By GENL JAS H. GORDON.*
(A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION)
AND OTHER
STORIES



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PERCY GREVILLE

THE SCOUT OF VALLEY FORGE

By GEN. JAS. A. GORDON

CHAPTER I.—What a Young Soldier Saw at Valley Forge.

As long as people read, just so long will stories of the American Revolution be written. Old families having records of the brave deeds of their ancestors are continually bringing them to light, placing documents in the hands of historians to place them before the public. Old, musty, faded documents are hidden away all over the thirteen states composing the United Colonies during the eventful period of the Revolution. Now and then they are discovered and given to the world, and thus the making of history goes on.

The winter of 1777-78 was passed by the patriot army in camp at Valley Forge. It was such a severe one that the story of the sufferings of the patriots in that camp not only makes the saddest page of our glorious history, but challenges the admiration of the world for courage and devotion. Among the brave soldiers in the ranks of those starving, freezing heroes was a youth of nineteen years—tall, straight and manly in bearing. He had been nearly two years in General Wayne's command, faithfully performing every duty devolving upon him.

One day he was walking about in the deep snow in the forest, above the spring which supplied the camp with water, when he saw the commander-in-chief standing near a large tree. He recognized the hat and cloak the moment he saw them, and stopped, as if fearing to intrude upon the privacy of the great leader of the American army. But he kept his eyes on the stalwart form of Washington, and saw him kneel in the snow, under the leafless branches of the great tree, and remain several minutes in that devotional attitude.

The sight filled him with awe, and he took off his hat and knelt, too, instinctively remaining in that position until the great Virginian had risen to his feet and walked away, as though he had seen no one else there. From that moment the young soldier was a changed man. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the colonies was fully confirmed. He had been doubtful before. Now that he had seen Washington kneeling in the snow when he thought none but God saw him, he no longer doubted. When he returned to his miserable companions, who were trying to keep from freezing by huddling together over a small campfire, he was silent and thoughtful.

"I've not been doing my full share in this war," he muttered to himself. "Old Francois taught me the use of arms and said I was the best swordsman in America when I was but sixteen. He said my nerves were steel and my eyes an eagle's, and that I was the third charmed life that he had met with in his career, and he had served in France and Austria. There's Captain Wilde. I'll ask him to let me go foraging," and he hastened to meet the captain of his company.

"Captain," he said, "we are starving and freezing. Let me have five comrades, and I'll have provisions for our company in a few hours."

"Where will you get them?" the captain asked.

"From the Tories. I know every Tory family within fifty miles of this camp."

"But our foraging parties have been scouring the country every day for many weeks, and there are no provisions to be had."

"But I know of some places they have not visited—rank Tories, too—who have plenty of provisions. Let me go and get some for our boys."

"I have no right to send you out unless ordered to do so. But if you can bring in any food, you will not be punished for so doing."

The young soldier construed that as a permission to go. In ten minutes he and five others slipped out of camp, crossed the line, for guards were not vigilant when the cold was below zero, and hastened away in the direction of Philadelphia, which was twenty miles away from the American camp. They did not carry their muskets, but each man had a pistol in his pocket. As for uniforms, they had none. Weather and hard usage had reduced their clothing to rags. Every man of the six had on shoes that took in snow at every step they made.

"Where is the place?" the old veteran asked of another, as they trudged along through the snow.

"I know not, comrade," was the reply. "Percy Greville says he will take us to the spot, and I am following him."

Mile after mile was passed and then the sun went down in the west, leaving the world about the little party wrapped in a cold mantle of snow. But they trudged on and on, and an hour later struck the British guard line. Then one of the old veterans halted and said:

"This won't do, comrades. I won't go into the enemy's line."

"Why not?" Percy Greville asked.

"If we are captured we will be shot as spies."

"Not so. We are not in disguise. Our hats would save us. Besides, we care nothing for the risk. We want provisions and can get them."

"Are you going to ask General Howe's commissary for them?"

"No. I am going to take them from a rich old Tory who has been enjoying General Howe's protection. Come on."

"I won't cross the line," said the old veteran, shaking his head. "It's too dangerous."

"It is no more dangerous than crossing our line in open daylight was. Every soldier knows that on such a night as this no foe makes a move, so we won't find a sentinel on his post save when it is time for the relief guard to come."

Still the old veteran refused to go, as did another of the party.

"Who will follow me?" asked the young soldier. "I will go alone, if no one will follow."

"You won't go alone, comrade!" said one. "I will stand by you!"

"So will I," said another.

"And I."

"And I."

"Come on, then," and he turned and led the way toward the enemy's line, followed by three of the party. The other two stood where they were gazing after them, fully believing they were going to their death.

As he had predicted, the young soldier found it an easy matter to cross the line, and half an hour later they came to the house of the old Tory whom they were in search of. The lights in the windows told that the family had not yet retired. In the main sitting room sat three British officers, who were visiting the daughters of the rich old Tory.

"Ah! We have had our long march through the snow for nothing," said one of the old Continentals.

"Not so, comrades. We must take them with us. Their horses must be in the stable. Let's see about it. Wait here till I go to the stable."

He was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned he had an armful of holster pistols—six in all.

"Their horses are there," he said, "and here are their pistols. We are pretty well armed now. Just obey orders and we'll win. We must march right in and order those redcoats to surrender. If they refuse I will shoot down one of them, and that may induce the others to do as ordered. Come on."

They followed, each with a pistol in his hands. Percy Greville knocked on the door. A servant opened it. He was shoved aside and the four Continentals rushed into the sitting room.

"Surrender or die!" cried young Greville, in a tone of voice that seemed to come from one born to command.

The officers and all the ladies of the family sprang to their feet.

"Surrender to whom?" demanded a British major, drawing his sword.

"To me—a soldier of the Continental army," replied Greville.

"You are a traitor to your king!" hissed the officer, making toward him to cut him down.

Crack! Greville fired, and the major dropped his sword, clutched at his breast, reeled backward a few paces, and sank heavily to the floor.

The ladies screamed, and one of the daughters of the old Tory fell in a swoon by the side of the dead major.

"Surrender or die!" called out Percy Greville, and the other two officers, seeing how easily they could be shot down before they could reach their assailants with their swords, very promptly surrendered.

"Throw down your swords!" ordered Greville, and the weapons were cast down on the floor.

"Take them up, comrade," he said to the old veteran on his left. They were taken up and laid on the chair behind Percy.

"You are prisoners of war, gentlemen," said Greville to the two officers, "and will be treated as such. Sit down in that corner over there. Any attempt to escape will be the signal for death. Comrade Hall, guard them. Ladies, sit down and keep quiet and no harm will come to you. Mr. Boyle, come with me," and he turned to the old Tory.

"My God, don't harm my husband!" cried the good wife.

"No harm will be done him, madam," said Greville. "We came here for provisions. Our soldiers need them. If we are supplied, we shall leave in a few minutes."

"If that is all you want, you shall have it," said the Tory, drawing a long breath of relief and leading the way out of the room, followed by Percy Greville and two of his comrades.

They repaired to the storeroom where several bags were filled with hams and securely tied up. Then they were fastened on the backs of five horses, three of them belonging to the British officers.

"Now we want two extra horses on which to place the prisoners," said Greville.

"They are here and at your service," replied Boyle.

"Very well. I'll bring them out while the horses are made ready," and he went into the house, took up the three swords and ordered the prisoners out to the barn.

CHAPTER II.—The Fight in the Snow.

Each prisoner was securely bound to the back of a horse, and the captors mounted those bearing the bags of hams.

"Mr. Boyle, you must look to the king for compensation for your losses to-night," said Greville, as he was about to mount one of the captured steeds. "We knew you had plenty and to spare, and so we came here. Tell the ladies I am sorry we had to intrude in the way we did, but the obstinacy of the major made it worse. Good night! Forward, comrades!"

The seven horses moved out of the barnyard, leaving the old Tory there alone in a consuming rage. The moon shone brightly on the snow. Percy led the way at a brisk trot. Two of the Continentals led the horses of the prisoners, while two others brought up the rear. He kept to the same route he came, the tracks showing plainly in the snow. In half an hour they crossed the line, a sentinel some distance off calling a halt. As they did not halt, he fired, and the bullet lodged in a big ham in the bag in front

of Greville's knee. Percy charged on him and shot him down.

"Now forward, comrades!" he called, and they made a dash through the deep snow.

The excitement in the enemy's lines was heard and they knew that pursuit would follow.

"Double-quick, comrades!"

They urged their horses forward as fast as the deep snow would permit, and in a little while struck the old Valley Forge road.

"They are coming, comrade!" said an old veteran, as the sounds of pursuit were borne to them on the frosty air.

"Yes. You two lead on with the prisoners, and we three will keep the enemy in check," and he hastily transferred his bags of hams to the horse of one of the prisoners.

By the time he had made the transfer the pursuers came in sight.

"Ah, there are but five of them—dragoons! We can attend to them. Here are sabers, comrades. Drop your bags and show them what you can do. We can empty three saddles at one volley if we aim true. Here they come!"

The two Continentals knew nothing about handling a sword. They belonged in the infantry and had carried muskets. This new peril nearly paralyzed them, and they were on the point of fleeing when Percy Greville dashed at the dragoons, shot the foremost out of his saddle, emptied the second one in like manner, and ran a third through the body with the British officer's sword he carried. It was all done in less than forty seconds. The two remaining dragoons stopped, drew their pistols and fired at him at very short range. His horse reared, pawed the air, gave a shrill shriek, and fell dead in the snow, shot through the head. Quick as a flash Greville sprang to his feet and dashed for the horse of one of the fallen dragoons, sprang into the saddle, and exclaimed:

"Washington! Washington! Down with the king! Charge, comrades!" and, to the astonishment of the two dragoons, went at them like a thunderbolt. He was met by the one nearest to him. Their swords clashed in the bright moonlight for one brief moment, and then the dragoon went down with a cloven head.

"I surrender!" called out the remaining redcoat, utterly dumfounded at the downfall of his companions.

"Throw down your arms!" cried Percy.

Down went the saber in the snow.

"Throw down your pistols!"

They followed the saber.

"Bind him, comrades!" ordered Percy, turning very coolly to his two comrades, who really had not raised a weapon in the fight, so quickly had the young patriot done his work.

The prisoner was secured and also four horses. One of the dragoon horses ran away into the woods.

"Now, take up the provisions again, comrades, and the arms in the snow there. We must hurry forward."

"Percy Greville, give me your hand," said one of the old veterans, reaching up to the young patriot. "You're a hero. That was the grandest fight I ever saw, and I have been in a dozen pitched battles."

"It is the way to win, comrade," he replied,

shaking the veteran's hand. "Come, let's move on," and they pushed on after those who had gone on ahead. They did not succeed in overtaking them until they reached the American lines. There they found them waiting for the corporal of the guard, they having been halted by a sentinel who happened to hear them coming roughshod through the frozen snow.

The corporal was so astonished at what he saw and heard that he called his captain. The officer would not believe the story told him, and at once sent them under guard to General Wayne's headquarters. General Wayne was amazed. But for the presence of the two British officers and the dragoon he would not have believed the story he heard.

"Send Captain Wilde of the First Pennsylvania regiment here," he ordered, and an orderly hurried off in quest of the captain. He soon appeared.

"Captain Wilde," the general asked, "do these men belong to your command?"

"Yes, general, and they are all good soldiers, too," was the reply.

"They have been inside the enemy's lines to-night, killed a British major, captured a captain, a lieutenant, and one dragoon, ten horses and nearly 1,000 pounds of meat. You are to be congratulated for having such men in your company. Comrades, I thank you in the name of the army, and I am sure the commander-in-chief will do so too as soon as he hears of it. Each of you take a ham to your company quarters. I will see that the quartermaster takes charge of the rest."

The four men each took up a large ham and went back with Captain Wilde. The captain told them on the way that the two men who had refused to cross the enemy's line with them had reported to him an hour before that they had gone to Philadelphia.

It was long after midnight, but the savory odor of broiling ham soon filled the air, and the starving soldiers came out of their rude tents to partake of the feast. Of course the two old veterans told the story of Percy Greville's marvelous feat in killing four dragoons and capturing a fifth. Ere the sun was well up the next morning the young soldier was a famous man.

General Wayne sent out a party of scouts early that morning to see if the enemy had followed the daring young patriot the night before. They found the bodies of the horse and four dragoons where they had fallen, frozen hard and stiff. Just as they were coming away they heard the bugle of British horse and made haste to get out of the way. The enemy came in sight and gave chase to the scouts. As they were largely outnumbered, the patriots retreated back toward their own lines. The redcoats dared not follow very far for fear of an ambush. But the daring of the raid the night before seemed utterly incredible to them.

CHAPTER III.—"You Are the Man!"

When the commander-in-chief heard the story of Percy Greville's daring raid the night before, as told him by Mad Anthony Wayne, he

asked that the young soldier be sent to him at once. When Percy entered his presence and saluted, the general looked at him in silence for some moments. Their eyes met, and the general said:

"I saw you by yourself in the woods above the spring yesterday morning, did I not?"

"I was there, your excellency," he replied.

"Yes, we understand each other, comrade," said the commander-in-chief. "Give me your hand," and he extended his hand toward the young soldier as he spoke.

Percy laid his hand in his, and both clasped in silence.

"I thank you in the name of the Continental Congress for what you did last night. It not only gave us some food, but electrified the whole army, and must have astounded the enemy. Do you know the country round about the city?"

"Every foot of it, your excellency."

"Then you can do the army very great service if you will place your knowledge at the services of General Wayne."

"I shall obey orders even unto death, your excellency."

"General Wayne, give Captain Greville a company of scouts and let him choose his men himself."

General Wayne himself started at the order. It was a promotion such as had never been seen in that army before.

"Your excellency is kind," said Percy, saluting the commander-in-chief. "I shall try to justify your confidence in me."

"I think you have done that already, sir."

General Wayne grasped the young captain's hand, shook it warmly, and led him away and introduced him to his staff.

"Where did you learn the art of fencing, captain?" the dashing general asked him.

"From an old Frenchman named Francois."

"Where is he now?"

"I know not, general."

"When did you see him last?"

"Two years ago. He was a fencing master—an old soldier of France. He said I bore a charmed life, as even he could not touch me with his rapier while giving me lessons."

"You have never been wounded, then?" the general asked.

"No, general, and I have been where bullets came like hail."

"You were born lucky. But tell me, what did his excellency mean when he said he and you understood each other?"

The young captain remained silent for a minute or two ere he answered the question. Then he said:

"Pardon me, general, but his excellency can answer you."

Mad Anthony Wayne was both astonished and mystified.

"I thought you had never met him before?" he remarked.

"I had seen him, but he had never spoken to me till this morning."

He remained at Wayne's quarters during the greater part of the day, for the general was trying to raise a company of scouts for him. The news of his promotion, however, spread throughout the camp. The effect was magical. The men

in the ranks saw opened to them a pathway to promotion. The two old veterans who turned back when near the enemy's lines bitterly cursed their ill-fortune. Their comrades made them feel very uncomfortable by their comments on their caution and prudence.

When Percy returned to his companions they surrounded him, took him on their shoulders and bore him through the camp of the regiment. The three men who went with him were cheered, too, but they shook their heads and declared that he alone deserved all the credit. In a few days he had the names of thirty men in the regiment who volunteered to serve under him as scouts and foragers. General Wayne secured horses for them. But while that was going on Percy suddenly disappeared from Valley Forge. General Wayne had sent for him and he could not be found. Then it became known that he had not been seen since evening of the previous day.

"Then we will have to wait till we hear from him again," said the general.

At that very same hour, in the city of Philadelphia, in the heart of the British army, a man with a dinner pail in his hand, was wending his way along Walnut street in the direction of the river. He looked like a common workingman of that period, who seemed to take no notice of the many redcoat soldiers whom he met along the street. Just as he reached Seventh street a beautiful young girl came out of a fine residence on the other side and crossed over in his direction. Two half-drunken redcoats came along down Seventh street at the same time.

"There's my lassie!" said one of them.

"She's mine!" said the other, and both seized her by the arms and demanded a kiss.

"Oh, my God!" she cried. "Please let go of me!"

"Hands off, you brutes!" hissed the workingman, springing to her side.

"Come with me, lass, an'——"

Biff! Whack! The workingman had put down his pail and given each redcoat a blow from his clenched fists that sent them sprawling on the ground.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried the young girl. "It was kind of you. Will you please see me over to my aunt's house on Market street?"

"Yes, miss," and he bowed, raised his hat, took up his pail and started off up Seventh street with her.

She glanced up at him several times, and at last gasped out:

"Oh, my God, you are the man!"

He started, glared at her, and asked:

"What man? Whom do you mean?"

"Don't you know me?" she asked, looking up at him and trembling like an aspen.

"Indeed I do not. Even if I did, you have no reason to be in fear of me, for I would defend you with my life."

"I don't know your name, sir, but there is a price upon your head. I know your face, for I can never forget it as long as I live. I am Dorothy Boyle."

"Ah! I did not know you. I had no time to admire the ladies that night. I am Captain Greville of the Continental army, and at your service, Miss Boyle."

Both looked at each other for a while and the girl said:

"Here is my aunt's house. I can get a horse and ride to my home," and she went into the house. Percy went on down the street, but soon heard a horse coming after him. He turned and saw Dorothy Boyle on the horse. As soon as she saw him she called:

"The dragoons are coming. Mount this horse with me and I will carry you to safety."

Percy mounted behind her, and the beautiful steed galloped away.

After going some distance Dorothy said:

"I am near my home now. I am going to dismount and you must take the horse and escape. Selim is the fastest horse around these parts."

"I will see you to your home first," said Percy.

CHAPTER IV.—The Old Tory's Daughter.

As the splendid steed dashed forward through the deep snow that covered the ground, Percy Greville said to the young lady:

"This is the finest horse I ever bestrode."

"Yes, and he alone can save you from certain death," she replied.

"But you may never see him again."

"A horse is nothing to a human life. You will bring him to me some day if you can. I am not afraid to trust you."

"Ah! There are visitors at your home again. There are two horses at the gate."

"Yes; just drop me there and fly for your life!"

He dashed up to the gate, let her drop to the ground, and then leaped down, removed the side saddle and appropriated one of the others with holster and pistols.

"Oh, they will catch you!" cried Dorothy, as she saw the dragoons scarcely one hundred yards away.

"I fear them not," he replied, vaulting into the saddle and speeding away, just as her mother and two sisters appeared on the piazza of the house, called out by the roar of the oncoming dragoons.

Dorothy ran to the house, and the squadron of British horses went past in desperate pursuit of the patriot on the black steed.

"Oh, my child!" cried Mrs. Boyle, as Dorothy ran up the steps of the piazza. "What does it mean? What has happened? Who is it on Selim?"

"He is the rebel who killed Major Hawk the other night. The king's troops are trying to catch him. He took my horse from me, but says he'll bring him back some day."

"Oh, the horrid man! What a narrow escape you have had! He might have killed you or carried you away with him!"

"He doesn't seem to be a cruel or mean man, mother. He protected me from two drunken soldiers down in the city," and then she went in, and before a glowing fire she told them all she had seen while down near the home of her aunt, ending with:

"Oh, he is the bravest and most gallant man who ever drew a sword, rebel though he is!"

"They will catch and hang him as a spy and traitor to the king," said her sister Eleanor.

"No horse in the world can catch Selim," she replied.

"But the sentinels on the line will shoot him down. Ah! Captain Mendith and Lieutenant Ardsley have joined in the chase!"

The two officers who were visiting at the house mounted their horses and dashed away in the wake of the dragoons. The lieutenant had to use the lady's saddle which the young patriot had left behind in the snow. In a minute or two later they were all out of sight of the house. Mrs. Boyle was very angry over the loss of Selim, one of the finest Arabian horses ever brought to America. She did not believe that they would ever see him again.

"Oh, I am sure he will return him, mother," Dorothy said.

"Well, you have more faith in the rebels than any one else has," said Eleanor, who was engaged to Major Hawk when he was killed.

"I have faith in the man, not the rebel," replied Dorothy. "I am loyal to the king."

"But he is a rebel."

"Yes. Those two soldiers who insulted me on the street belonged to the king's army, too."

"They were drunk."

"Yes, of course; and the rebel was sober. There are good and bad men in both armies."

"Well, you didn't talk that way before to-day," retorted her sister.

"No, for the king's soldiers never insulted me till to-day."

Mr. John Boyle came home, having heard of his daughter's trouble while in a bank on Third street. He had come by his sister's home, near whose house the trouble had taken place, and there heard the story of what had occurred. Dorothy soon told him the rest.

"He is a spy in the king's camp!" he said.

"Yes, of course," assented Dorothy, "and if they catch him they will hang him."

"Why did you not cause his arrest when you found out who he was?" he asked.

"What! Betray the man who had just saved me from two drunken brutes? I am not an ingrate, father!"

"You did right, Dorothy," said Mary, her second sister, who had a good deal of romance in her make-up.

"Well, he has robbed you of Selim," he retorted.

"He has promised to return him."

"Bah! Catch one of those half-starved traitors returning anything of value!" and the old Tory turned away to give vent to his indignation over the loss of the fine Arabian.

It was quite late in the evening when Captain Mendith returned and stopped at the Boyle residence.

"Did you catch him?" was the greeting the old Tory gave him ere he reached the top step on the piazza.

"No, he got away. He ran over the sentinel, shot him down and made his escape."

"But why didn't the sentinel shoot him?"

"He shot at him, took a deliberate aim, but missed. The fellow seemed to bear a charmed life. Miss Dorothy has lost her Arabian."

"Yes, so she has, but she is foolish enough to

believe that he will return him as he promised."

The captain laughed and said:

"I am sorry she has to pay so dear for a lesson on the perfidy of man."

By this time he had entered the house, and Dorothy overheard his remark.

"Well, if I lose the horse I shall give the king's troops the credit of it," she replied.

He seemed astonished at the remark, and asked:

"In what way are they responsible?"

She told him of the attack the two drunken soldiers made on her and of the rescue, adding:

"Had they not insulted me, I should not have met him. As it was, he endangered his own life to protect me—the daughter of an enemy. If he does not return my horse as he has promised, I shall never again have faith in the honor of a man."

CHAPTER V.—The Secret—"Remember Chadwick."

The young patriot, on leaving Dorothy Boyle at the gate of her home, dashed away on the black steed with a half hundred dragoons at his heels. He made straight for the lines, trusting to luck to escape the sentinels on the lines. On, on he sped through the snow, nearing the line at every leap of the splendid charger. Two miles away he came in sight of the line, with a single sentinel on the post in front of him. The red-coat was half frozen, for it was a very cold day. He saw the black horse coming and the dragoons in full chase behind him.

"Halt! Halt!" he cried, bringing his musket to bear on him.

Percy Greville drew a pistol from the holster, laid flat on the black steed's neck and rode straight at the sentinel. Bang! The sentinel fired and the bullet grazed his shoulder and flew harmlessly on into space. Crack! The pistol smoke blackened the sentinel's face and the bullet gave him a mortal wound. The next moment the young patriot was beyond the line, and now it was simply a question of speed the rest of the way. The dragoons rode hard, but the distance between them widened every moment. At last, after following him some five or six miles, they gave it up and returned within their line and doubled the guards all along the front. The young patriot then pushed on till he reached the American picket line, where he was halted by some of his own company, Captain Wilde being in command at the time.

"Hello!" cried the sentinel. "Is it you, Percy?"

"Yes, comrade."

"Where did you pick up that horse? He is the finest I ever saw."

"I borrowed him."

"Borrowed? Oh!" and the sentinel laughed.

"Yes, from a friend—from a lady; and I am going to return him to her."

"If you do, General Wayne should order you to be shot."

Percy laughed and rode on to where Captain Wilde had his quarters. The captain and all his men asked many questions about Selim, all saying they had never before seen such a splendid

animal. He told them a lady had loaned him the horse, and that he would return him.

"Keep him and give her a voucher for him," suggested the captain.

"No. I promised to return him to her, and I'll keep my word with her or die trying," and he rode on to General Wayne's command, where he dismounted and sought the famous general, whom he found in consultation with General Knox.

"Ah!" said Mad Anthony, "I did not expect you so soon, captain!" and he excused himself to Knox and led Greville aside some little distance, saying:

"Speak low, please. Did you see him?"

"I did, general."

"What did he say?"

"He said he would try to do as you wish."

"Ah! That is all I want. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have done, Captain Greville."

"I felt honored by your confidence, general," and then he told him all that had happened to him in the city.

"I know John Boyle well," the general said. "He is one of the rankest Tories in the city, and nothing on earth could induce him to waver in his allegiance to the king. He has committed a crime against the Continental Congress for which he will suffer an ignominious death if he ever falls into our hands."

"Indeed! I never heard of that before."

"It is known to but few of the general officers and the Committee of Public Safety."

"I am sorry to hear of it. It is a terrible thing to hang over one."

"Yes; but he is a traitor to his country in more ways than one."

"Does he know of this?"

"Yes. If you ever meet him face to face again, say to him: 'Remember Chadwick,' and he will tremble like a leaf. That Major Hawk, whom you slew in his house, was equally guilty with him, and that is the secret of your promotion from the ranks."

Percy Greville was dumfounded at what the general told him, and for several minutes he did not utter a word. He wondered if John Boyle regarded him in the light of an executioner of vengeance. The idea was repugnant to him.

"General," he asked, "do you think Boyle's family are aware of this secret?"

"I cannot believe that he would dare tell them about it," was the reply.

"Does he know he is condemned to death by the Committee of Safety?"

"Yes. A demand was first made on him by a secret agent sent to him. He betrayed that agent and he was hanged as a spy."

"Ah! He was Chadwick?"

"Yes."

"He deserves to die the death of a dog!"

"Yes. He betrayed the 'Sons of Liberty,' the Continental Congress, and the brave Cradwick. But we will get him some day, and then justice will be done."

After telling him so much, Greville wondered why the general did not tell him all, and name the first crime of the old Tory. But as he did not do so, the young captain refrained from asking him about it.

"Your command will be ready for you in another day," the general remarked, apparently changing the subject, "and I think you have picked out the best men in the entire army."

Greville said nothing. He was in a strange mood, which fact did not escape the general. Suddenly he asked:

"What service will be required of me, general, when I take command of them?"

"None save that which an honorable soldier would gladly render his country," was the reply.

"That is enough."

That night he spent with his comrades of Captain Wilde's company, and the next day he was given his command. A young soldier named Bates was made lieutenant. He spent four days in drilling and getting acquainted with the quality of his men, and then said to Lieutenant Bates:

"I am going into the city to-night, and early in the morning I may come across the line with a company of dragoons at my heels. Have our men down at Crosby's spring, in the ravine below, to give me assistance if I should need it."

"I'll be there," replied the lieutenant, as the daring young captain mounted the black horse and rode away.

It was a bitterly cold day and the half-clad and half-starved patriots had all they could do to keep from freezing to death in the cold blasts that swept through the camp. Even the sentinels muffled up and took no notice of the man on the black horse who rode across the line in the open daylight.

CHAPTER VI.—The Return of Selim.

None of the old Tory's family was up when Toby, the faithful negro servant who had charge of the horses, ran into the house and stopping before one of the bedroom doors, knocked and called out:

"Miss Dottie—Miss Dottie! Selim is done come back!"

"Oh, Toby, are you sure?" came from within in a girlish voice.

"Yes'm. I'se done seed 'im. I'se gwine back ter feed 'im," and he ran out again.

It did not take Dorothy Boyle more than ten minutes to dress and hurry out to the barn. Sure enough, there was the beautiful black horse in his stall.

"Oh, Selim!" she exclaimed, darting into the stall and throwing her arms around his neck. "I knew he would bring you back! And you saved him, too, didn't you?" and she patted his neck as she spoke.

Her hand touched something in his mane. She looked there and found a bit of folded white paper tied to the mane. Quick as a flash she took possession of it and ran back to the house and locked herself in her room. There she unfolded the bit of paper and saw there was writing on it. Darting to the window, to better see the writing, she held it out before her and read:

"Captain Greville's compliments to Miss Dorothy Boyle, and hereby returns her horse, with a thousand thanks for the loan of him. He owes his life to the speed of the horse, which is equalled

only by the goodness, amiability and beauty of his mistress."

As she read the lines her face became suffused with blushes, and her eyes sparkled with a happy light. She pressed the bit of paper to her lips and said:

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! I knew they couldn't catch Selim! He says he saved his life!" and she danced round the room like one too happy to keep still.

She heard her father's footsteps in the corridor, and, thrusting the note into the bosom of her dress, she ran out to meet him, crying out:

"Oh, father, Selim is in the stable! Toby found him in his stall!"

"Yes, I heard him calling you. I'm going out to see about it. I'll wager the villain has taken another horse in the place of him."

"I don't know whether he did or not. A king's soldier would have done so, I'm sure, and why should not he? War is war!"

The old Tory made no reply to her, but went out to the stable to see for himself. There was the black horse and so were all the others. No one had been molested as far as he could see.

"Well, the villain did bring him back as he promised," he said to himself, "though nothing in the world could have made me believe he would. I suppose he is one of those who keep a promise made to a girl when they forget their allegiance to the king," and he came out of the stable and looked about in the snow for the tracks of the man who had brought the horse home. The tracks were plainly visible in the snow all the way down to the gate, and then pointed in the direction of the city. He called out to the man:

"Here, Toby, put the saddle on Selim, quick, and get ready to ride over to headquarters at once!"

"Yes, sah!" responded the negro, quickly saddling Selim.

The master went into the house for a few minutes. When he came out again he held a bit of folded white paper in his hand.

"Ride to General Howe's headquarters," he said to Toby, "and give him this note. Go as fast as you can and don't stop for anybody," and he gave the negro the note.

Toby put it in one of his pockets and sprang upon the back of the black Arabian. In another moment he was going like the wind, and the old Tory returned to the house. Dorothy read and re-read the note she had found concealed in Selim's mane. When she heard her sister Mary's footstep in the corridor, she again hastily concealed it in her bosom.

"Is it true that Selim has come home, Dottie?" Mary asked, as she entered the room.

"Yes, Toby found him in his stall this morning. I knew he would come back."

"How could you know? You don't know anything about that man."

"Well, it seems to me that I knew more about him than any of you did," she replied. "I believed him and you did not."

"Of course I didn't."

"You judged him by the standard of the king's soldiers."

"Do you mean to say that the rebels are more honorable than——"

"Well, I didn't say that. Selim has come back. Had a king's officer taken him, I would never have seen him again."

"Dottie, you talk just like a rebel!" exclaimed Mary.

"Why, didn't you hear Captain Mendith say the same thing! He said that were we a rebel family and a king's officer had taken Selim, just as Captain Greville took him, we'd never get him again! I'm sure you heard him—and Selim is here."

That was a crusher for Mary. She was in love with Captain Mendith, of the dragoons, and had heard him tell Dorothy why he thought she would never see her favorite horse again.

"Well, I don't understand it," she replied.

"I do, though. He kept his word with me and returned the horse. I'd never doubt the word of a brave man."

After breakfast she was going to go out to the stable, when she saw Toby running toward the house through the snow, as if very much excited. He dashed into the house and called out:

"Marse John—Marse John! He's done got Selim ergin!"

"Eh? What?" cried the old Tory, who was filling his pipe for a smoke.

"Dat ar rebel sojer done stop me an' take de hoss away wid 'im, an' he done gib me dis fo' ter gib yer," and he gave his master a piece of paper.

Dorothy snatched the paper and read it for him, as he did not have his glasses on:

"Captain Greville's compliments to Mr. John Boyle, and begs to thank him for notifying General Howe of the presence of 'the notorious rebel spy in the city.' He sends the servant back and will deliver the note in person to the general, after which he will do himself the honor of reminding Mr. John Boyle that the friends of Chadwick have not forgotten him."

At the mention of "Chadwick" the old Tory started as if stung, and seemed on the point of fainting. But by a fierce effort at self-control he exclaimed:

"The villain! He has got the horse again!"

"What horse—Selim? How did he get Selim?" and Dorothy turned to Toby for an explanation.

"I sent Toby on him with a note to General Howe," said her father. "Where did you meet the villain, Toby?"

"Ober by de Quaker meetin' house, sah. He done 'pinted er pistil at me, an' say he gwine ter shoot me ef I didn't stop whar I was. I jes' stopped right dar, an' he med me git down an' gib 'im de note. He did writ er note hisself, an' tole me ter run home an' gib it ter you."

"Father, did you send Toby to General Howe with a note, telling him that Captain Greville was within his lines?" Dorothy asked the old Tory.

"Yes, I did, as was my duty to do."

"And after he had returned Selim to your stable?"

"Yes. He is a rebel against the king."

"Well. I—I—am ashamed of my father!" and

she turned and left the room, leaving the old Tory white with rage.

CHAPTER VII.—Percy Greville a Prisoner.

A few days later Percy Greville was riding the black horse Selim on a road a few miles out of Philadelphia, and came across Captain Mendith. The two men glared at each other a moment, and then Percy spoke:

"I am returning Miss Dorothy's horse for the second time, captain."

"I have the idea that you will be captured before the day is out, you rebel!"

"See here, Captain Mendith, you had better keep your insulting remarks to yourself, or I will take you prisoner to our camp."

"I wish I had my men with me and I would show you something."

"Yes, you coward, you will want your men with you to show me anything."

"Well, I am going to Howe to report you are in our lines."

"I'll tell you what I will do. I will meet you somewhere on this road with an equal number of men and fight it out against your command. I will bring eighty men. How many have you?"

"I will bring the same number of men."

"Very well. I will now be going along to Boyle's to return the horse. Don't forget, now."

"I won't forget the challenge."

Then the men went their separate ways. But when he arrived their old man Boyle saw him and his knees trembled. Miss Dorothy came running out and Percy turned the horse over to her. But Dorothy refused to take it, saying:

"The horse belongs to you. Your life is in danger within our lines, and I refuse to accept him after what you did for me. How about it, father?"

"Yes, take him," said the old man, seeing he could get out of his predicament so easily.

"Thanks, a thousand times," said Percy, and bowing to Dorothy, sprang into the saddle and dashed away.

He returned to camp, got his men together and set out to meet Captain Mendith.

The dragoons soon after appeared and then a battle royal took place in which the dragoons were severely whipped and sent flying back to Philadelphia.

Half an hour later Percy Greville's scouts started back for Valley Forge, our hero on Selim in the lead.

The scouts reached the patriot line just as the sun was sinking behind the snow-capped hills west of the camp. They were halted, and the officer of the guard came forward. He knew them and saw the wounded ones.

"Hello! Had a fight?" he exclaimed, looking up at the young captain of the band.

"Yes—with Mendith's dragoons."

"How did it end?"

"They fled and left us their dead and wounded," and then they passed on.

That night the story was told at every camp-fire in Valley Forge, that eighty patriot scouts had met an equal number of England's crack

soldiers in an open field and defeated them. It electrified the whole patriot army. As soon as Percy Greville had reported to General Wayne that officer hastened to Washington's headquarters to tell him about it.

While he was doing so, other officers came in with marvelous stories told by the scouts—things that Greville's modesty would not permit him to tell—of their young leader's daring and prowess. The commander-in-chief went with Wayne to see the wounded and see that they were made comfortable. Wayne led the way to the tent of the young soldier. Percy was astonished at seeing the commander-in-chief there.

"Captain Greville," said his excellency, "I have come to thank you in the name of the Continental army for your victory to-day," and he extended his hand to Percy as he spoke.

Percy took it in both of his and shook it warmly.

"It has electrified our people," the commander-in-chief added, "and is worth a thousand men to our cause."

The two generals left him, and in another hour the entire camp had heard that the commander-in-chief had invited the young captain at his quarters. But Percy Greville rolled himself up in his blanket and laid down to sleep and dream. The next morning he awoke to find himself famous. Every man in camp was not only willing but was eager to do him honor. General Wayne sent for him and asked:

"Will you take charge of a burial party and go out there to see that our dead are decently buried?"

"Yes, general. The enemy, being much nearer to the place than we are, may be there in force."

"Take as many men as you want," said the general.

"I want only my own men besides those who do the digging."

Half an hour later he rode out of camp at the head of the party. A brisk trot of two hours brought them to the field where the battle had taken place. Every dead body was frozen solid. While they were digging the frozen earth Percy told Lieutenant Bates to keep a sharp lookout, and rode off in the direction of the British lines. When about two miles from the enemy's line, he caught sight of a single dragoon on his horse in the main road a few hundred yards in his front. The dragoons instantly dashed forward to engage him in a hand-to-hand fight.

"The fellow isn't afraid," Percy thought, drawing his saber and rushing forward to meet him.

Both horses were thrown back on their haunches by the shock of the collision. But they regained their feet and then the sabers clashed.

"Death to traitors!" cried the redcoat, who proved to be a good swordsman.

"Down with the king!" cried Percy, crowding him by his rapid, lightning-like passes.

To his astonishment, the Briton parried every thrust or cut, and so he became all the more eager to conquer him. Suddenly the Briton retreated. Percy crowded him so vigorously he had all he could do to save himself from being cut down. Just as Percy made a desperate effort the road swarmed with dragoons. Percy cut down two, and was then dragged from his

horse and held by a dozen men. It was all done so quickly he seemed quite dazed by it.

"I am your prisoner," he said very quietly, on finding himself held firmly."

"Yes, I believe you are," replied a sergeant of dragoons. "You are a traitor, too!"

"Am I? Glad you told me. I would never have known it."

"Where are your men?" asked the officer, ignoring the reply of the prisoner.

"They are engaged in burying your dead. We cut Mendith's dragoons to pieces yesterday. If you wish to see them, ride over there. They would be very glad to see you."

"We will attend to you first and your men afterward," and the officer ordered his command to move back inside their line at once.

Percy was guarded by ten men, and mounted on a horse of slow speed, and as they rode along the highway he made remarks that angered the young officer in command of his escort.

"That dragoon is the only good swordsman in your army," he said. "Why, it was like cutting hay when we met Mendith's men yesterday."

"We have some very good swordsmen, though," remarked the young officer.

Just then they reached the lines and were received by the officers of the guard. In a few minutes they hurried on toward the city. When they reached the Boyle place the captain halted and sent word to the family that Percy Greville was a prisoner, and that the black horse would be left there if they wished to have him. John Boyle had gone to his business. But the ladies of the family sprang up and ran out to the gate, Dorothy among them.

"Oh, I'm so glad you have caught him at last!" cried Mrs. Boyle. "I hope you will hang him!"

"Yes, hang him!" put in Eleanor, the eldest daughter.

"I hope you won't let him get away," said Mary.

"How did you catch him?" Dorothy asked. "Did it take all your men to capture him, captain?" and she looked up at the officer of the dragoons as she asked the question.

Ere he could answer, Percy said:

"Yes, Miss Dorothy; it took his entire command to do it; and I was all alone, too. I really feel honored. I hope you may have your horse returned, and that you will pardon me for taking him."

"Take the horse to the stable," said the captain to the man who was leading him.

Selim was led to the stable and given in charge of Toby, who was overjoyed at seeing the beautiful Arabian steed again. The dragoons then pushed on with their prisoner, and the ladies returned to the house to rejoice over his capture—all but Dorothy.

CHAPTER VIII.—"You Are to Hang at Sunrise!"

General Howe was at his headquarters when the news came to him that Percy Greville, the daring young patriot, had been captured.

"Bring him before me as soon as he arrives!" he ordered. "I want to see that fellow and make his acquaintance."

An hour later the prisoner was brought before him. The entire staff in brilliant uniforms had assembled to see him. He was not bound, but had a guard whose numbers told how highly prized he was by the redcoats.

"What is your name and rank?" General Howe asked him.

"My name is Percy Greville, and I have the honor of holding a captain's commission in the Continental army."

"You consider it an honor to be a traitor to your king, do you?"

"Yes, sir. England cut off the head of Charles the First. We would like very much to serve George the Third the same way."

"Treason!" exclaimed a dozen voices in the room.

"Bah! You are all a lot of parrots!" the prisoner exclaimed. "If the English people should get as mad with George as they did with Charley, they'd cut off his head in a flash."

"Silence!" exclaimed the general, in a very angry tone.

"I am your prisoner, general."

"You are not a prisoner of war. You are a spy."

"Do you hold that once a spy, always a spy?" the prisoner asked.

"It is for me to ask you questions and you to answer them."

"Pardon me. I forgot where I was. Fair play is a thing unknown in the king's army."

"You had better answer questions without comment, you traitor! How many men are at Valley Forge?"

"I understand there are about thirty thousand, but I fear that Captain Mendith of your army claims to have met over fifty thousand of them yesterday."

Some of the officers smiled, but the general was in a rage.

"You will be hanged as a spy at sunrise to-morrow, so you had better not load your soul down with falsehoods. The crime of treason should be enough."

"My soul is in no wise troubled, general. You are far more afraid to slay me than I am to die."

"See that he is well guarded, and summon a court-martial at once to sit at eight o'clock this evening. Take the prisoner away."

Percy was taken away by the guard and locked in a room in a house which was guarded by a score of redcoats. There were two windows on one side of the room. But in the yard below were four soldiers on guard. Leaning out of the window, he asked the guards:

"Do you think you could catch me on your bayonets were I to jump?"

"Try it and see," replied one of the guard.

"Maybe I will. Keep your bayonets sharp."

An hour later the door of the room was opened by the officer of the guard, and John Boyle, the old Tory, entered. They glared at each other in profound silence for a minute or so, and then Greville asked:

"Well, to what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"To the fortune of war," was the reply. "You are to die at sunrise, and I have come to see if I could not save you."

"I certainly do not understand you, Mr. Boyle."

"I will explain. I see you are in possession of a secret of mine. I am condemned by the leaders of your rebel government, as you no doubt know. You are condemned—or you will be to-night by a court-martial of the king's officers. Your execution is more certain than mine, yet I know it is not impossible that I may some day fall into the hands of your people. Now, if your friends will recall the order for my execution, I will see that you receive the same treatment from the king's officers. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I think I do," Percy replied, "except on the point of my own execution. Am I condemned in advance of the court-martial?"

"All spies are condemned by the rules of war."

"Yes, but I was not captured as a spy. I was two miles beyond your lines when taken."

"Well, what witnesses have you? You were alone, I believe."

"Yes, so I was. I suppose it is useless to trust anything to British honor in either officers or privates."

"Yes, utterly useless. They want to execute you, and mean to do it, after condemning you as a spy by court-martial."

"And you blame your countrymen for throwing off their allegiance to such a king?"

"Bah! Our people would do the same thing under similar circumstances."

"Well, I thank God I am not of that type of man. John Boyle, you are a traitor to your country. Could my death throw you into the power of your indignant countrymen, I would gladly suffer to that end."

"Then you refuse my offer?"

"Yes—yes, a thousand times!"

"You had better think over it. I will return in an hour and get your answer."

"You have it now, sir. There is no need of your returning here."

"Reflection may cause you to change your decision," remarked the old Tory, as he passed out of the room.

"A man utterly without honor," muttered Greville to himself, as the door closed behind the visitor. He went to the window again and looked down at the four sentinels in the little yard below. The sun went down and the court-martial sat. The prisoner was not even brought before it. John Boyle accompanied the officer who came to inform him of its decision.

"You are to be hanged at sunrise to-morrow," said the officer.

"I am not afraid to die," was the quiet reply.

"Do you still reject my proposition?" Boyle asked.

"Of course."

"Very well," and he went out with the officer.

Two hours later General Howe was told that General Wayne, of the rebel army, had sent a man with a flag of truce to deliver a letter to him. The general asked for the letter. It was given him, and ran thus:

"To General Howe,

Commanding the British Army in Philadelphia:

"Our scouts bring me intelligence of the capture, by your forces, of Captain Percy Greville

two miles outside your lines. From other sources I learn that you purpose treating him as a spy instead of a prisoner of war. I have now in my hands Colonel Grantham and Major Barbour, of your army, both of whom shall receive the same treatment meted out to Captain Greville.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"ANTHONY WAYNE."

"Gen'l Commanding 3d Div. Continental Army."

When the British general had finished reading the letter he said:

"Send the bearer of this to me," and a few minutes later a young patriot soldier was ushered into his presence.

"Go back to General Wayne and tell him he has been misinformed—that we hold Captain Greville as a prisoner of war."

The young soldier saluted, and was conducted out of the room by the guard. A few minutes later he was on the way to the lines again.

CHAPTER IX.—A Marvelous Escape.

General Howe was the maddest man in America after the messenger from Mad Anthony had taken his departure. He showed the letter to his generals, and they all agreed that Colonel Grantham was a man of too much influence in England to be sacrificed.

"This should have come from that fellow Washington," said one of the generals. "But I know that fellow Wayne well enough not to trifle with him. He'd string up Grantham as quick as lightning if he heard that we had done so with this fellow. Zounds! but they must prize him very highly. A colonel and major held as hostages for a captain!"

"They know nothing of the usages of warfare," remarked another.

"They know enough to beat us in this game, though," said General Howe very bitterly. "I'd give 10,000 pounds to be able to hang that fellow in the morning without endangering Colonel Grantham's life," and turning to his chief of staff, he gave the order for the suspension of the sentence of death imposed upon Percy Greville. The officer at once communicated with those in charge of the prisoner and ordered that he be kept well guarded. Percy Greville was at the window of his prison room, gazing at the increasing light in the east the next morning after his capture, when an officer entered and said:

"Follow me."

He did so, passing out into the corridor between two guards standing by the door. Out on the street he was surrounded by a squad of dragoons and escorted to the prison where quite a number of other patriot prisoners were confined. There the door was opened and the officer said to him:

"Go in."

He went in and was met by the patriots, who crowded about him and showered questions upon him. He gave his name, rank and circumstances of his capture, adding:

"They condemned me to be hanged as a spy this morning, and I thought I was going to the

place of execution when I was brought here. They must have changed their minds about it."

"I hardly think they dared carry out the sentence," a prisoner remarked.

A week passed and Percy Greville had heard nothing more from the court-martial. A captain of dragoons, a boyish-looking young officer, was admitted who asked for Captain Greville. Percy came forward and said:

"That is my name, sir."

"You are to go with me at once. Are you ready?"

"I am," and he put on his hat and followed him out, the guard saluting the officer as they passed him.

Out on the street they walked two blocks and turned to the left, halting where two horses were hitched. One of the horses was Black Selim, on whose back he had been captured. The young officer mounted Selim and motioned to Percy to take the other. Percy sprang into the saddle, and the officer said:

"Keep by my side now," and started off at a brisk trot, going straight in the direction of the Boyle mansion. When halfway there the officer said, coming to a halt:

"We will exchange horses here."

Without a word Percy dismounted and exchanged his horse for the black one.

"I want your word of honor as a soldier that you will not try to escape from me," the young officer then said to him.

"Whither are you taking me?"

"Across the lines of our army on a secret mission. You will in no wise be compromised."

"On that condition I give it."

"Very well. Come on," and they rode on past the Boyle place and soon came to the line.

The young officer gave the password and they rode on. When about two miles beyond the line the young officer said:

"This is as far as I am going. You are to return to your friends and resume your command, if you wish, for you are free!"

Percy was astonished.

"To whom am I indebted for my freedom?" he asked.

"To Dorothy Boyle. She is to become my wife on conditions now complied with."

"What! Does she give her hand to you in exchange for my freedom?"

"Yes."

"I won't accept it! I'll return to the prison. She does not love you else she would marry you without condition. By the God above us, you must fight me before you can have her! I love her and——"

"Oh, Percy!" cried a girlish voice, as the young officer tore a wig from his head. "Didn't you know me?"

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" cried Percy, spurring his horse to her side and clasping her hand in his. "What have you done? They will hang you for this!"

"Oh, you won't let them hang me!" and she laughed a merry, happy laugh. "You said you loved me, you know."

"And I do, with all my soul. I have loved you since the day I met you in the street when those red-coated ruffians insulted you. But how have you accomplished this escape?"

"It was easy enough. A young fool of a captain let me wheedle the password out of him. He had left an extra uniform at our house to be mended and——"

"And you played a trick on him; I see—I see. God bless you! You are a patriot at heart now, ain't you?"

"You have made a rebel out of me, and——"

"I am going to make you my wife, too. May I?"

"Yes, if you want me to remain a rebel," and he pressed her hand to his lips. "But I haven't told you all yet. When I heard they were going to hang you as a spy I forged a letter from General Wayne, threatening to hang Col. Grant-ham and Major Barbour if you were hanged, and took it to General Howe."

"Good heavens, Dorothy! What a brave girl you are!"

"I couldn't be a coward and yet love a man like you! Percy, I would die for you!"

"You must live for me, darling, and I will live for you. Now what shall we do? Where can you go? There is no place for you at Valley Forge."

"Oh, I'll go home and wait till Washington leaves Valley Forge in the spring. I am not suspected by any one and will be safe. But you must not come into our lines again!"

"Our lines!"

She laughed and said:

"I meant British lines. Send some one to see me once in a while, and I'll send messages to you. Promise me you won't enter the city again as long as the British army is there."

"I promise."

"I am satisfied. I'll go back now."

He seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and then they parted, going in opposite directions.

CHAPTER X.—At Valley Forge Again.

When Percy reached the American lines he was halted by a soldier who knew him well.

"Hello, captain!" the sentinel cried. "Come in. I know you haven't the word. How did you get away from 'em?"

"Gave them the slip," replied Percy, dashing forward at a brisk pace.

He soon reached General Wayne's quarters and found that famous officer there.

"Ah! Glad to see you, captain," said Wayne. "You made quite a visit this time."

"Yes, general. They had me locked up and under sentence of death. I would have come back sooner, but they would not let me," and he told the story of his capture and rescue, a story that filled the brave general with astonishment.

"It seems like a dream to me," the general said. "To think that a daughter of John Boyle had turned patriot! It really seems incredible!"

"But it is true and she is both brave and true. She doesn't seem to know what fear is."

He hurried away to his own quarters, giving his men a very great surprise. Every one of them who was present shook hands with him.

"They had me, boys," he said, "but couldn't keep me," and he told them how they had captured him.

The next morning it was known that he had escaped, and hundreds of old veterans came to see him. They regarded him as the best swordsman in the army, and were deeply interested in him. Several days passed, and a great thaw came. The snow and frozen ground gave way to slush and mud. The roads became almost impassable for man or beast. Yet the scouts kept up a close watch on the enemy to keep him from sending out any foraging parties. One evening Running Rob, General Wayne's favorite scout, came to him and said in a low tone of voice:

"She sent you this, sir," and placed a bit of folded paper in his hand.

"Do you come from the city?" Percy asked.

"Yes. She told me to tell you she was well and waiting."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; she said you would understand."

"Ah! So I do. You understand, too, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, let me see you before you go over there again."

"Yes, if I can."

"Well, if you have to go in a hurry, tell her I love her as my soul and think of her day and night. Ah! It is a lock of her hair!" and he pressed the tress to his lips as Running Rob turned away to leave him with his treasure.

The thaw continued until all the snow was gone, and the forest began to show signs of returning spring. The half-starved patriots at Valley Forge rejoiced, for they would move away from the scene of such terrible suffering. One day Captain Greville received orders to protect a foraging party which was to go out on the Norristown road, and he was prompt to obey. On the second day out a patriot farmer brought news of a large wagon train on its way to the British lines, guarded by dragoons.

"I will attend to that," said Percy, and with the farmer as guide, he rode till late in the night to get ahead of the enemy.

But another farmer told him he had at least counted one hundred and fifty dragoons in the party.

"A Captain Mendith has command of them!" the farmer said.

"That makes no difference to me. We have met them before," and he hurried his men forward up the road and placed them in ambush.

Just about daylight the dragoons came along the road, little dreaming of danger. At a signal one-half of them went down under a volley from the rifles of the scouts. Then a volley from seventy pistols added to the confusion.

"Charge! Down with the king!" yelled Percy, and the scouts dashed out of the woods and began laying about them like demons.

Mendith knew his voice and called out to him:

"Here, traitor, cross swords with me!"

"Yes! Have at you now!" and again it was a deadly duel between them, while nearly 150 men fought all round them.

Swish! Clash! Clang! Back and forth—round and round they went. Their blades met nearly every second.

"Ah!"

Percy's blade pierced his shoulder and he fell

from his horse. The dragoons gave way and fled, leaving the long wagon train behind, a prize to the prowess of the patriots. The pursuit was short. The wagons were a rich prize which could not be neglected. Captain Mendith was a prisoner and badly wounded.

"Sorry you are hurt, captain," said Percy. "I'll see you have all the comfort it is in my power to give," and he ordered a wagon to be made comfortable for him.

"Captain, there's an old man in one of the wagons who keeps groaning and saying he is lost," said one of the soldiers, coming up to Percy at that moment.

"Let me see him," and Percy spurred his horse forward to where the man was.

"Ah! Mr. Boyle, as I live!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XI.—The Old Tory's Promise.

The moment the old Tory saw Captain Percy Greville, he turned ashen-hued in the face, fell on his knees and cried out:

"You can save me! My life is in your hands, sir!"

Percy leaned over toward him and half whispered:

"Get up and keep your mouth shut. Probably no one else here knows you!"

"Oh, but you'll save me?" gasped the terror-stricken Tory, rising to his feet and clutching his arm with both hands.

"Nobody here wants to kill you. Keep quiet. Come, this way," and he led him aside from the others and asked:

"What under Heaven tempted you to come outside the lines?"

"I own a large farm above here, and I came out to show them what to take away."

"For fear we would get it all, eh?" Percy remarked.

"Yes, I knew your people would get it. I thought the escort strong enough to make it safe."

"Well, you see it was not?"

"Yes. You will let me go?"

"Why should I? You sought my death, you know."

"I tried to arrange it so as to save both of us."

"Yes, after I was caught. But you tried to have me caught as a spy."

"Only to get you where I could bargain with you to save both of us."

"I can't believe that," said Percy, shaking his head. "You are the most unrelenting king's man in America. You would not raise a finger to save the life of a patriot unless your own safety was involved in it. I will let you escape only on one condition."

"What is that?" he asked.

"That you give me your daughter Dorothy's hand in marriage."

"Eh? What?" he gasped, the most surprised man in the world. "My daughter marry a rebel!"

"Yes; why not, pray?"

"You have me in your power, sir," the old fellow finally said. "I might promise you and she may not consent."

"Give me your written consent based on her own consent and I'll be satisfied," Percy replied.

"I'll do that," and Percy soon had it written for him to sign.

"Have you got her in your power in any way?" the old fellow asked.

"Yes—to be frank with you. But it is one to her liking; she loves me and has agreed to be my wife. We are both very much in love with each other. But for that fact I would have you strung up to that limb up there. As it is, I don't care to have it known that my wife's father was hanged."

The old man's astonishment was a picture to look at as betrayed in his face. He signed the paper, however.

"Now if you try to break your promise, or in any way interfere, I shall see that you are hanged. Do you understand that?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can escape from your guard to-night. But don't talk. Keep your mouth shut. If it becomes known who you are, I won't let you go."

The old man was placed in one of the wagons and the whole train moved on, encamping that night but ten miles from the British lines. About midnight the dragoons attacked the camp. Great confusion naturally followed, but after some hard fighting and a bit of strategy on the part of the young patriot, the enemy was beaten off. The camp was immediately broken up, and the march made for Valley Forge. It was too near the enemy's lines to be safe. At sunrise one of the scouts came to Percy and said:

"Captain, that old Tory got away last night during the attack by the dragoons."

"We were lucky not to lose the whole train," Percy replied, and the scout thought so, too.

They pushed on and reached Valley Forge by noon, causing great rejoicing over the supplies that had been brought in. The patriots were half starved, and Percy Greville had brought them a feast. No wonder they called him a hero and cheered him as he rode by. General Wayne shook hands with him and said:

"You have again put new courage into the hearts of our people, captain. I shall look for your speedy promotion after this."

"Ah, general, if I had a regiment instead of a company I could do more for the cause," Percy replied.

"Do you think you could handle a regiment?"

"Yes, general. I can't help thinking I could handle an army of ten thousand men."

"Ah! You have the enthusiasm of youth," said Mad Anthony, smiling. "You are a fighter. But let me tell you that fighting is not the best requisite of a good general. If you had ten thousand men to-day you would force Howe to fight in the hope of destroying or capturing his camp. Thousands would be slain in trying to do what might be done by strategy, which means generalship. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, general, and see the force of your words, too."

"Well, don't forget that the enemy can better afford to lose one thousand men in battle than we can, even though we win the field. Always try to save the lives of your men."

Percy was about to reply when a staff officer

came up and handed the general a note. He glanced over it and then hurried away. The staff officer went with him, and Percy was left standing there alone.

"There must be something of importance going on," he said to himself. "But I can't ask any questions. I'll go back and stay with Bates and the boys."

He returned to his quarters and talked with all the old veterans who came about him. The second and third day passed, and then General Wayne told him to take his command and go round by Germantown and watch the enemy between there and the Delaware river. He was off within an hour after he received the order.

CHAPTER XII.—John Boyle's Treachery.

A little while before reaching Germantown, one of the scouts met and halted a negro man in the road. The man said he was looking for Captain Greville.

"What do you want to see him for?" the scout asked.

"I'se done bin sent fo' ter tell 'im sump'n, sah," the darky replied.

"Who sent you?"

"My young missus, sah."

"Well, come on and I'll take you to the captain," and the scout led the way back till he met the captain.

"Captain, here's a man who says——"

"Why, hello, Toby!" the young captain exclaimed on seeing the negro. "What are you doing out here?"

"I'se lookin' fo' you, sah!"

"Ah! Something has happened then. Come this way," and he leaped from his horse and went into the woods a short distance from the road. The darky and horse both followed him. The black horse seemed to know Toby, for he laid his head against him.

"What is it, Toby?" Percy asked, as soon as he was out of hearing by the others.

"Oh, massa is done gone an' locked Miss Dottie up, sah, an' is er gwine to put her on er ship an' sen' her ober ter ole Englan', sah, an' she done tole me to come an' tole you, sah."

"Did she tell you to come and tell me that?"

"Yes, sah, she did."

"Very well. I'll see her to-night. Are there any soldiers at the house?"

"No, sah, but dey is gwine ter sen' her erway ter-morrow."

"We'll see about that. You had better stay with us till we go there. How did you get through the lines?"

"I jes' slipped froo, sah. Dere ain't many guards ober on dis side, sah."

"So I thought. I think we can go through to-night without any trouble."

He was in a blaze of wrath.

"The old scoundrel has gone back on his promise to me," he muttered. "He is going to send her to England to keep her out of my way, and if he succeeds in getting her there I'll never see her again. I'll take her away to-night and give him a lesson in the way of keeping promises."

There was a dangerous gleam about Percy

Greville's eyes at that moment that would have puzzled some to understand. But he said nothing to any one of his plans, and rode on at the head of his men like the dauntless soldier he was. When night came on he encamped in a dense wood where the fires could not be seen but a short distance. Soon after they were settled he picked ten men and told them he wanted them to go with him inside the enemy's line.

"As spies?" one asked.

"No—under cover of darkness and to return before daylight. I don't think we will be in any more danger than we are now, but you can decline to go if you wish to do so."

"We'll go," replied every man of the ten.

They rode to a point about a half mile from the line and then left one in charge of their horses, going forward on foot. When they came in sight of the sentinel one of the party crept forward in the dark and knifed him, thus removing him from the post. That done, they pushed across and hurried forward in the direction of the Boyle residence some four miles away. Percy knew every road and path in that section and had no trouble in reaching the place just as the family were about to retire for the night with two British officers as guests.

"Now, boys," he said to his comrades, "I am goin in there and let them capture me to see what they will do with me. I'll pretend to be alone. But when I give the signal all of you come in and give them a surprise."

He went up to the door and knocked. A servant came and opened it.

"Tell Mr. Boyle a man wishes to see him at the door a few moments," he said to the servant.

Boyle came to the door and gruffly asked:

"Well, what is it, my man?"

"I wish quarters for the night, sir."

Boyle started. He recognized the voice of the daring young patriot.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Come in; I'll see if we can find room for you," and he led the way into another room beyond, the one in which the two British officers were seated. "Take a seat and I'll see my wife about it," and then he turned and left the room.

Just five minutes later he and the two officers burst into the room, pistols in hand, and called out:

"Surrender!"

He sprang up as if astonished and said:

"Yes, of course. You have the advantage of me."

"Hold up your hands!" ordered one of the officers.

He held both hands above his head, while the other officer searched him for weapons, disarming him.

"Who are you?" demanded the taller of the two Britons.

"My name is Allen, and I——"

"Your name is Percy Greville!" exclaimed Boyle eagerly. "You are the rebel spy! I know you well!"

"Have you betrayed me, Mr. Boyle?" Percy asked, as if quite alarmed.

"I told them who you were, if that's what you meant!"

"And after what I did for you only last week?"

"You did nothing for me. I made my escape during the attack made by the king's troops."

"Have you forgotten the promise you made me?"

"No, I have forgotten nothing. A promise made under such circumstances is never binding. All that a man hath will he give for his life. I gave you a promise—that's all."

"You did not intend to keep it when you made it?"

"No."

"Do you remember I said to you that I would see you hanged if you broke your promise to me?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it. I expect, though, to see you hanged in my stead."

"When I was to be hanged as a spy you came to me and offered to save me if I would save you."

"Yes, but you would not agree to it."

"True. I wouldn't agree to it even now," and he blew a shrill whistle.

The next moment a half dozen armed patriots dashed into the room.

"Surrender!" he cried, "or die where you stand!"

"We surrender!" exclaimed the officers, but the old Tory staggered back against the wall as if stunned.

"Bind that old villain there! If you let him escape I'll have every man of you shot!" and Percy Greville's voice rang out in fierce earnestness.

They bound the old Tory hard and fast. He did not utter a word. Just as they were leading him out Mrs. Boyle burst into the room, crying out:

"You shall not take him away!" and she flew at the patriot who held him by the arm, and buried her hands in his hair.

"Take her away!"

She was taken away by two others.

"Where is Miss Dorothy?" Percy asked.

She would not answer.

"Men, break open the doors to every room in the house!"

Two men went upstairs to obey his order when Eleanor and Mary appeared, white and trembling.

"I'll unlock the doors," said Eleanor, producing some keys.

"You are the jailer, I suppose," he remarked.

The door of the front room upstairs was opened, and Dorothy ran out, crying:

"What's the matter? Has he come? Percy! Percy!" and she ran downstairs and threw herself into Percy Greville's arms.

CHAPTER XIII.—Capture and Death of John Boyle.

Percy caught Dorothy in his arms and pressed her to his heart. She did not know her father was a prisoner. She had hoped only that Percy would come and take her away ere she could be sent on board the ship that was to convey her to England.

"Oh, I knew you would come," she cried, as soon as she could speak.

"Did you send for him?" the mother asked.

"No, I came for her," Percy replied, before Dorothy could say anything. "Just run up and get such things as you need, my dear, and we'll go."

"Oh, God! Are you going to take her from us!" moaned Mrs. Boyle.

"You were going to send her to England, 3,000 miles away. I am going to take her to Valley Forge, but twenty miles. Don't worry. You'll see her again when Washington takes the city."

Eleanor and Mary ran upstairs to prevent Dorothy from getting her things. Percy sent a soldier to bring them back. He then ordered Toby to saddle a horse for his young mistress. When ready to leave, Dorothy bade good-by to her mother and sisters.

"Oh, you ungrateful child!" cried her mother. "You shall never more be a daughter of mine!"

"Nor sister of mine!" cried Eleanor.

"Nor sister of mine!" hissed Mary.

"She'll be my bride to-morrow," said Percy. "See here! Her father has given his consent in writing to our marriage; yet in the face of that he was going to send her to England. She is the only one of you who has any honor."

They were terrified by his fierce earnestness and said no more. Dorothy turned away and went out with him, he taking her bundle of clothes for her. The two British officers were taken along, Boyle having gone out before.

"Oh, Percy, if we can't get through the line it will be our ruin," she said, as he lifted her up into the saddle.

"Yes, dear, so we must do our best. My men are just over the line waiting for us."

He then led off and the others followed. The faithful Toby was just behind her horse ready to aid in any way necessary. Two hours later they had crossed the line without their presence having been discovered by the enemy.

"Oh, I am so glad!" Dorothy exclaimed, in her joy, when she found herself in the camp of the scouts.

"I am going to send you to the house of a friend who will give you shelter till I can join you," he said to her, when they reached the camp-fire.

"When will you join me?"

"Before the sun goes down again. Fear not, dear. The sergeant and ten men will be your escort. Are you ready to go, sergeant?"

"Yes, captain," the sergeant replied.

"Well, you know where to go," and he turned and pressed Dorothy's hand to his lips, saying:

"Good night, dear."

"Good night," she said, and they moved away in the darkness of the night.

"Now, men, we must move from here at daylight," said the young captain. "Get all the sleep you can," and he rolled himself in his blanket and laid down to sleep."

His brave fellows followed his example, and slept till the guards called them up at daylight. They mounted and dashed away, going ten miles ere the sun peeped above the horizon in the east. Halting at a large spring, they built fires and prepared breakfast. While his men were preparing breakfast, Percy mounted Selim and rode away from the little camp. Two miles down the road he stopped and dismounted in front of

a little log hut which had once been used as a schoolhouse. One of his scouts was on guard at the door, who saluted him as he went in. There were two other scouts inside and—John Boyle.

"What are you going to do with me, captain?" the old Tory asked.

"I am going to see that you are dead and buried before I leave you again," was the reply.

"You—won't—do—that!"

"But I will. You locked Dorothy in her room and were going to send her away to England, and that, too, in the face of your written consent to my union with her."

"You will spare me for her sake?"

"Never. I am going to be merciful in one way, though. You can have your choice of dying by your own hand or being shot by the guards here."

"Oh, God!" and he seemed on the point of collapsing. "Mercy! Mercy!" and he fell on his knees.

"No, mercy, John Boyle. The committee of safety have decreed your death. I spared you once and then you sought my life the next time we met. Your fate will be reported to the committee of safety, but remain a secret to the rest of the world for the sake of Dorothy. These guards will let the secret die with them. Before yonder sun goes down to-day Dorothy will be my wife. She shall never know your fate."

"You—would not murder your wife's father?"

"No. When she becomes my wife she will have no fear. It is not murder, but simply an execution. I was weak enough to let you go once. Now I shall do my duty to my country. Will you destroy yourself, or shall I order my comrades to do it for you?"

"What shall I kill myself with?"

"A knife."

"Give me a pistol."

"You still think me a fool, I see. There—take that and make an end of a life forfeited to your country," and the young patriot tossed a knife on the floor at the feet of the Tory.

He had been unbound by one of the guards. Stooping quickly, he picked up the knife, tried the edge with a finger, and glanced furtively at the young patriot some six feet away. Percy drew his sword. No sooner was it out of its scabbard than the desperate Tory sprang at him, knife upraised, hissing fiercely:

"You shall die with me!"

Percy sprang back and received him on the point of his sword. It ran clear through the traitor's body, and with a shriek John Boyle sank down to the floor at the feet of the man whom he had so greatly wronged.

CHAPTER XIV.—United at Last.

As the old Tory sank down on the floor of the old log schoolhouse, Percy Greville said to him:

"I did not wish to be your executioner but fate impelled me to do it. I have tried to avoid it. You seemed to be urged on by implacable fate, too. I have no regret. You have been the most treacherous of all our foes."

"I have deserved it," moaned the dying man.

"Of course you did. Your fate shall remain a mystery."

"You must tell my wife that certain property is——"

"I'll tell her nothing!"

Boyle rose to his knee and tried to speak again, but he sank down, gave a gasp and was dead.

"That is the end," said the young patriot. "We must now bury him."

Two hours later the four were again in the saddle going in the direction of a farmhouse to which Dorothy Boyle had been sent.

"Comrades," said Percy, "I shall tell you the secret of that man's death, and I want you to pledge me your honor, as soldiers, to keep it locked in your bosoms as long as you live. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes, captain," the three replied.

"Very well," and then he told them just what General Wayne had told him about the old Tory's treachery to the cause of the colonies. "I want you to go with me to the general and hear me make my report to him and certify to the correctness of it. After that it is to forever remain a secret, for I am going to marry his youngest daughter."

When they reached the farmhouse where Dorothy and old Toby had been sent to wait for him, she came running out to meet him, crying out:

"Oh, I was so afraid something would happen to keep you from coming."

He sprang from his horse and caught her in his arms, saying:

"Naught but death could have kept me from you, dear."

"Have you any news?" she asked.

"Yes. We are to be married at once."

"Why, where is the minister?"

"Mrs. Compton's brother is a minister."

She was the farmer's wife and her brother was then in the house.

"Oh, I didn't know that!"

"Well, come back into the house and we'll have the knot tied hard and fast. Come in, comrades, and stand up with us. She is to be a soldier's bride."

He led her back into the house, followed by the three scouts who had come with him. A few minutes later the entire household assembled in the main room of the old farmhouse to witness the marriage of the young patriot officer to the daughter of the old Tory. The knot was soon tied, and then Percy said:

"Now we must mount and hasten to Valley Forge. It is very important that we reach there as soon as possible."

The bride hastily took leave of the kind family who had given her shelter for the day, and then ran out to the gate where the horses were waiting. She was lifted into the saddle, and a few moments later the little party were dashing along the road in the direction of the spot where the scouts were encamped. As soon as the camp was reached Percy said to Lieutenant Bates:

"Hurry back to Valley Forge as soon as you can. I think the army will move in a day or two."

Ten minutes later the whole company was on the way back to Valley Forge. It was night when they reached there, and Percy and his bride

rode on to General Wayne's headquarters, accompanied by the three scouts who had been with him at the old log schoolhouse.

"General Wayne," said Percy, as they dismounted, "this is my wife. I have married the girl I spoke to you about."

"Ah! Glad to see you, Mrs. Greville," said the general, uncovering and making a profound bow, which Dorothy returned. "It is a brave man indeed who will marry in times like these."

Half an hour later Dorothy was installed in the farmhouse of Thomas Doran who lived in the heart of the camp, and Percy was back again with the general, telling him the story of the death of John Boyle.

"Ah! He is dead at last!"

"Yes, and by my hand, but my wife does not and must not know it. You understand why."

"Yes, of course. I'll arrange to have it kept a profound secret. The committee of safety must know all the particulars, though, and proofs of his death."

"I'll bring you the three witnesses of the affair."

Percy then returned to the Doran farm and remained with Dorothy. He arranged with the farmer to keep her there until he could secure a home for her elsewhere. The next day he was off by sunrise with his scouts, and ere the day ended the news was confirmed that the enemy was preparing to leave the city and go to New York. He pushed on and had several skirmishes with the rear guard until the Delaware river separated them. Then Washington and the entire patriot army pushed on in hot pursuit.

At last the enemy made a stand at Monmouth, and a fierce battle took place between the two armies. By some unaccountable mishap part of the line gave way and retreated, throwing the whole patriot army into confusion. Part of the regiment which gave way fled in a panic, pursued by the exultant enemy. The commander-in-chief dashed up to the spot in time to see Percy Greville lead his scouts in a headlong charge against the pursuers, scattering them and sabering scores of them, turning the tide of battle and enabling the Continentals to reform and renew the fight. So charmed was the commander-in-chief with the splendid charge, he could not resist the temptation to dash forward and give his hand to the young captain, saying:

"Well done, Colonel Greville! I am sorry your regiment is not here with you."

"Thanks, your excellency. If I had a thousand men like these I'd go through that army out there like a cannonball."

CHAPTER XV.—A Change in Affairs.

As the commander-in-chief rode away the scouts cheered him, and Percy sang out to them:

"Comrades, he has made me a colonel for what you did a few minutes ago. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I selected every man of you because I knew you were brave men. Here come the dagoons. Let's show 'em what we can do. Charge!"

The brave fellows charged with a yell and met Mendith's dragoons halfway. It was a tremen-

dous shock, and many a brave fellow went down to rise no more. The redcoats received reinforcements, and the scouts were on the point of being pushed back, when Mad Anthony Wayne himself dashed into the fray with some of his men. It was a grand fight for a few minutes, and then the redcoats fell back under the protection of their own batteries.

The battle lasted all day, and when night came the Continentals slept on the field, ready to renew it the next day. But the enemy slipped away in the night and pushed on to Perth Amboy, where they met the British fleet and took ship for New York. Seeing the enemy had escaped him, Washington sent for Captain Greville and said:

"If you had one thousand mounted men the enemy could not have gotten away from us. You must go to Philadelphia and raise as many men as you can. Choose your captains from among your scouts and hurry up with the regiment. I will send you your commission in a few days."

Percy saluted and retired. In half an hour he was in the saddle again and on the way back to Philadelphia. Two days later he reached the city and sent a half dozen of his men to Valley Forge to bring Dorothy to him. She reached him that night, flew to his arms and said:

"Oh, my beloved! The king's cause is undone forever!"

"I hope so, my dear," and then he told her of his terrific fight with the dragoons, and his promotion on the battlefield.

"You will yet be a general," she exclaimed, her eyes aflame with love and admiration. "But I can never be more proud of you than now. Have you heard anything of father or mother since the king's troops left the city?"

"No, but I am sure he would not have remained here after the British army left."

A day or two after his return to the city an officer came to Colonel Greville and said:

"The family of John Boyle, the old Tory, whom we are to hang if captured, is claiming protection on the ground that you are married to one of his daughters. Is it true?"

"Yes, it is true. It is also true that the mother and daughters disowned her for marrying me."

"Ah! They have no right to make any claims on that score, then?"

"None whatever, for I presume she has been disinherited. Just tell them to get a written statement from me to substantiate their claim for protection, and I'll soon find out whether or not my wife has any interest in the property."

The officer went away and the next day Mrs. Boyle came to his headquarters and asked for him. Eleanor was with her. He stared at her, showing no signs of recognition.

"Where is Dorothy?" she asked.

"Why do you ask, madam? You have disowned her."

"Is she married to you?" the mother asked.

"Yes, we were married the next day after she was disowned by you and her two sisters."

"Where is she?"

"She is at the old City Tavern, where we are now living."

"Can I see her there?"

"Yes, if she will let you. Where is Mr. Boyle?"

She started, turned pale and asked:

"Do you not know? You took him away that night and we have never seen him since. Do you know where he is?"

"I saw him the next day under a strong guard, and have not seen him since."

"Where are the prisoners kept?"

"Since the retreat of the enemy I don't know where they are kept. They are changed from place to place as the situations change."

Eleanor Boyle had been watching ever since she came into his presence, but had not uttered a word. She stepped forward, and laying a hand on his arm, said:

"You killed before my eyes the man I loved, and since that hour I have longed for death. Can you look me in the face and say my father has not been hanged by your people?"

"Yes, I can. I can pledge you the honor of a soldier that he has not been hanged—as yet."

"As yet! They will hang him, though!"

Percy shrugged his shoulders. She dropped on her knees and clasped her hands above her head, saying:

"Gladly would I give my life for him. You can save him! For the sake of your love for Dottie, save her father."

"I can do nothing. I am the youngest officer in the army, and my promotion is so recent I have had no time to even make acquaintances among the officers."

CHAPTER XVI.—The Mother and Sisters—the Spy.

On leaving the headquarters of Colonel Greville, Mrs. Boyle and her daughters proceeded to the little tavern where Dorothy was living. Dorothy was astonished at seeing her mother and sister, and gave them a loving welcome, greatly to their delight.

"I thought you would scold me, Dottie," said Eleanor.

"Oh, I am too happy to scold any one," she replied. "I can afford to forgive everybody. My husband loves me, is a brave man, and will yet be a great general. Just think! General Washington rode up to him on the battlefield, shook hands with him, and called him 'Colonel Greville,' and he is not yet of age! He is now recruiting a regiment of one thousand men."

"Yes, we have heard all that, my child," said her mother. "I am glad you are happy, as you are the only one of the family that is. Do you know what has become of your father?"

"Didn't he go away with the king's troops?" Dorothy asked, in no little surprise.

"We have never seen him since the night you went away from us."

"Neither have I. When Percy comes in I'll ask him about it. But he has been so busy since that night I don't believe he knows where he is. You know how badly father treated him, betrayed him to——"

"Please don't remind us of that," said her mother, interrupting her. "We have enough to bear without that. If you cannot persuade your

husband to protect our property, we will all be reduced to beggary—yourself included—for they are going to deprive us of everything we have in the world."

"Well, I'll ask them not to do that. I know that General Wayne thinks a great deal of him, though he is not here now. He will be here soon. I am anxious for you to see him."

"We have seen him," said her mother.

"Have you?"

"Yes, and he was not kind to us."

"You have never been kind to him, mother."

"No. Loyal people and rebels are never kind to each other."

Percy came home and found them there, and the end of the matter was a promise of protection on the mother selling to Dorothy one-fourth interest in the estate for one pound in English gold, which Percy paid her. They went away and did not visit Dorothy again for two weeks. Dorothy thought it strange and went out to see them. She found her mother and both sisters at home. But they gave her a very cold reception. Mary would not speak to her.

"What's the matter, mother?" she asked. "I thought the past was forgiven and here I find every one of you treating me like an outcast."

"Eleanor and Mary say you have been the cause of all their misery," said her mother.

"Why, I have been the cause of their having this roof over their heads!" she exclaimed.

"Percy slew Eleanor's lover and captured Mary's, and both say they can never forgive you."

"Well, I didn't know that. I came to bring you news of father; I'll wait till all of you do a little changing before I tell you about it," and she turned and left the house.

"Dottie—Dottie!" cried her mother, running out after her. "Come back! Where is your father? Eleanor! Mary! Dottie!"

But Dottie never once turned her head. She went out to the gate where the soldier who had acted as her escort or orderly for her assisted her into the saddle, and she rode away. Two hours later one of the servants came with a note from her mother. She sent it back unopened.

She was mad—outraged—and felt strongly the ingratitude of her two sisters. She knew they had caused all the trouble, and was resolved to disown them herself in the future. The next day Eleanor came to see her. Dorothy flatly refused to see her, and she went to Percy's quarters, where he was busy enrolling volunteers for his regiment. She told him what Dorothy had said about having news of her father, and asked:

"Where is he? Can I see him?"

"No; you can't see him without a note from Dorothy. Now will you answer me one question?"

"Yes, if I can."

"Are you and Mary crazy?"

"I don't think we are."

"Well, go home and think it over. Maybe you will think you are then."

She went away and Percy heard nothing more from her. That evening a court-martial condemned the spy to be hanged at sunrise the day following. During the night a minister in his robes called at the prison to see him, and was

with him an hour. When he came out he bowed gravely to the guards and passed on. The next morning, when the officer to whom was assigned the duty of seeing the spy properly executed entered the prison room for the spy, he was astonished to find another person there.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Mary Boyle," was the reply.

CHAPTER XVII.—Sent Through the Lines.

The escape of the British spy caused no little excitement in the Continental army. Colonel Greville and his wife were about to sit down to breakfast in their little tavern room when a messenger from General Arnold, who commanded in the city, was announced. He was admitted and said:

"General Arnold wishes to see you at headquarters at once, sir."

"Tell him I shall report forthwith," was the reply.

He hastened on and found the impetuous Arnold in a furious rage. He saluted him and said:

"You sent for me, general?"

"Yes. Are you a son-in-law of John Boyle?"

"I am, and my wife is as stanch a patriot as any that live."

"Has she a sister named Mary?"

"Yes, general."

"Well, she visited that spy in his prison last night in the garb of a minister. He went out in that garb and she is there now—your sister-in-law."

"They are lovers, general, and the news does not surprise me in the least. My wife entered the same prison in the uniform of a British officer and brought me out in full daylight. Loyalty to love is always stronger than loyalty to kings."

"Well, I shall send this girl beyond our lines at once. You had better see to that yourself. Tell her I'll hang her if she returns here while I am in command."

Percy bowed, saluted and left the presence of the general. He immediately went to the prison to see Mary. She looked up defiantly at him as he entered and asked:

"Have they sent you to hang me?"

"No. I am to take you away from here and send you to New York. You are to be hanged only when you return."

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked.

"Yes. You are to go with me at once."

"I am glad. To whom am I indebted for so much kindness?"

"To the officers of the Continental army who, you will please notice, are quite different from those of the king's."

Later in the day he placed her upon a good horse and rode out of the city at the head of his command with her. The soldiers did not know who she was or where she was going. They saw that he treated her with great respect, though, and wondered why she was with them. They crossed the river near Trenton and encamped for the night, Mary stopping in a farmhouse close by. The next morning, when he went to the house for her, he found she was gone. She had slipped out of the house, saddled her horse and gone away.

He remained there all that day securing provender for his men and horses, after which he moved in the direction of Bordentown and spent another day near the river there. During the night a scout came in and said he had seen quite a large body of British dragoons on the main road some miles east of where he then was.

"It is probable they are looking for us. I hope they may find us," and he sent out his scouts in every direction to prevent a surprise. A little after midnight he sent his wagons with an immense amount of forage across the river with four companies as guard, and then pushed eastward to strike the old Trenton and Brunswick road, believing the dragoons would go along that highway on their return to New York. He stopped at daylight and waited to hear from his scouts. Just three hours after sunrise he heard a bugle to the south of him.

"Ah, there they are! They are coming this way, boys, and we'll have a chance to cross swords with them. Follow me, comrades!" and he dashed off in the direction of Trenton.

Half an hour later they saw the dragoons half a mile away from the crest of a hill. The redcoats at once prepared to charge. Percy turned to his men and sang out:

"There they are, men! We have whipped them before and can do it again! Let every man make sure of a redcoat with his pistol before we cross swords with them! They always charge with the saber and use their pistols afterward. Keep cool and do your best, and we'll scatter them to the winds. Charge!"

He dashed forward and the entire command followed him. The redcoats came on at full speed to meet them halfway. Percy's old company of scouts was the first to meet them. They emptied a score of saddles with their pistols, very much to the astonishment of the enemy, and then drew their sabers. That volley gave the patriots an immense advantage in breaking the shock of the charge, as it placed about a score of riderless horses directly in front of the enemy. It was that shock that Percy most dreaded, for he knew what an immense force lay concealed in the impetus of a disciplined body of horsemen.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The Two Duels.

The patriots gave them a shower of bullets and another score of saddles was emptied. The redcoats were thrown back on the defensive in a moment. Percy hurled another company on the right, sending bullets in advance of them. The dragoons then began to use their pistols, too, and saddles on both sides were emptied, and bloody work followed quick and fierce.

"Ah! Mendith!" exclaimed Percy, on seeing the officer in command of the enemy was the same one with whom he had once before fought a pitched battle. "Defend yourself! Down with the king!" and he spurred his black steed toward the British officer.

Mendith was a brave man and met him halfway with the cry of

"Down with rebels!"

"Down with the king!" responded Percy, and the next instant their sabers clashed. Scores of men on both sides watched the fight, as if willing to let the two leaders decide the issue.

Percy's sword passed through the body of the brave Briton, who threw up his arms and fell from his horse.

"Here, you traitor!" called out another British officer spurring his horse full at Percy. "Come to your death!"

Percy dashed at him and another duel to the death ensued. The Briton, however, was no match for Percy Greville. He fell as Mendith fell, and a little later the dragoons themselves gave way. Then followed a running fight for miles, in which quite a number of dragoons were captured.

Percy pursued them about ten miles and then called off his men, fearing to go any farther in that direction.

As he was engaged in ascertaining his own loss in the fight an officer came running up to Percy and said:

"We have found Miss Boyle among the dead, colonel!"

"What!" he exclaimed. "Where is she?"

"Come and see!"

He went with him and was horrified at seeing Mary Boyle lying across the body of the young British officer with whom he fought after slaying Mendith.

"This is awful!" he said, as he leaned over and looked at the face of the unfortunate girl.

A surgeon came up and examined the girl a few minutes.

"She is not dead, colonel," he said. "I think she has merely fainted."

An hour later she was conveyed to the house of a patriot farmer near by, and by the aid of restoratives was brought back to consciousness.

Turning to Percy, she cried out:

"You slew Eleanor's lover before her eyes! You carried my father off and we have not seen him since! You have slain him I loved! Draw your sword and run it through my heart to finish your work of death!"

"Mary! Mary! This is war!" exclaimed Percy. "He attacked me and I defended myself. My heart bleeds for you. I would rather have died than have this happen."

She was inconsolable and soon became unconscious again. Percy paid the patriot farmer a sum in gold to keep her in his family till she was well and strong again, after which he mounted Selim and rode away at the head of his men.

CHAPTER XIX.—Conclusion.

Percy Greville was sent down into Virginia with his regiment.

One day he met a party of officers at the headquarters of Gen. Wayne; one was a Col. Miller, to whom he was introduced.

"Colonel," said Miller, "I believe we are brothers-in-law."

"Ah! I didn't know that!" said Percy.

"Yes; I married Eleanor Boyle a month ago."

Percy was the most surprised man in the army.

A month later Percy was ordered north, and his regiment passed through Philadelphia. He found that Dorothy had gone back to her mother to live.

It was a joyful meeting.

Eleanor came forward with outstretched hand and smiles of welcome.

"I heard you had turned rebel, and could cry out 'Down with the king!' louder than I could."

"She can indeed!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Have you heard from Mary?"

"No, not a word since she left the city a year ago."

"Well, my regiment will pass along the same road where I left her, and I'll stop and inquire for her."

"We will go with you," said Dorothy, "Eleanor and I."

"I shall be glad to have you go," and the next day the two sisters rode away with him at the head of his regiment.

That night the regiment encamped on the Borden farm. Percy hurried on to the house with the two ladies. They looked through the window and saw Mary assisting the farmer's wife, looking well and happy.

Knocking at the door, the old farmer himself opened it. Both Dorothy and Eleanor darted past him and ran into the dining-room, crying out:

"Mary! Sister!" and in another moment they had her clasped in their arms.

Mary seemed to be equally glad to see them, introducing them to Mrs. Borden as her mother.

"What! Mother, did you say?" cried Dorothy.

"Yes, mother of my husband!" replied Mary. "I've been married to Henry Borden three months now. He is captain in Gen. Putnam's command."

"Percy! Percy!" cried Dorothy, running back to meet her husband. "Mary is a rebel, too!" and the happiest meeting ever known by the three sisters followed.

The battlefield was then transferred to Virginia again, and once more Col. Greville marched his brave veterans through Philadelphia on his way South.

The war waged in the South was a bloody one. Gates was overwhelmed by Cornwallis at Camden, and Green had to conduct a wonderful retreat to save his army from destruction. The British commander pushed on after him through North Carolina and fought the undecisive battle of Guilford Court House, after which he entered Virginia.

Washington formed a junction with the French forces and brought him to bay at Yorktown, where Greville's scouts did hard work for weeks, till the host finally surrendered, ending the war and securing the independence of America forever.

Percy returned home, and was given the commission of a brigadier-general. His wife and all her people were proud of him and his fame.

But the widow of John Boyle began to make inquiries as to her husband's fate. Gen. Wayne told her he had died, and was buried somewhere in the forests below Valley Forge. But she never knew how he died.

Percy Greville afterward became a senator of the United States, lived to the age of sixty years, and died honored by all the nation.

Next week's issue will contain "BULLS AND BEARS; OR, A BRIGHT BOY'S FIGHT WITH THE BROKERS OF WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

TREES USED IN BEST SELLER

An average spruce tree when converted into paper yields about 500 pounds of that product, according to the *Scientific American*. If a novel runs to 300,000 copies, the destruction of trees would be 600.

DIES STARVING, WITH \$1,470

Herman Tamm, whose body was found recently in a building on Colonial Springs Farm near Wyandanch, L. I., died from starvation and exposure, according to Coroner William B. Gibson, although a bankbook in the man's pocket showed he had \$1,400 on deposit in Belfast, Me.

There was a receipt also which showed that he had paid a deposit of \$1000 on a farm in Maine. Tamm's brother, who lives at 823 Quincy street, Brooklyn, was at a loss to explain his presence in Long Island.

The last he had heard from him Tamm was in Maine and said nothing of any intention of leaving there.

SQUIRRELS MIGRATING

Thousands of gray and red squirrels are migrating from Oregon to Washington by swimming the Columbia River.

Capt. T. R. Rupert of the river boat Jane reported navigating through several miles of the rodents, many being caught in the heavy undertow of the vessel's paddle wheel.

The squirrels are attracted by a great crop of acorns in the oak groves on the Washington shore and the grain left by reapers in the fields. Some of these little animals instinctively cling to sticks, pieces of bark and floating leaves, permitting the current to carry them down to points nearer the desired side of the river.

The point where hundreds of squirrels swarm directly across is probably 2,000 feet wide.

FRAT PIN RETURNED AFTER 42 YEARS

Mrs. George Thompson, of 35 Morningside avenue, New York, whose husband is a detective sergeant in the La Salle Street police station, has received a letter of thanks from Chauncey H. Pember, of 187 Sisson avenue, Hartford, Conn., whose Yale fraternity pin she returned to him after finding it last month in front of the Harlem Opera House, on West 125th street.

Mr. Pember wrote that he was at a loss to explain the discovery of the pin. He had lost it in New Haven in 1879, his freshman year at Yale, he said, and never had any idea that it would turn up again.

The pin had his initials and class numerals engraved on it, and from these authorities at Yale, to whom Mrs. Thompson wrote after finding the pin, were able to tell her the name and address of the owner.

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The Young Mail Carrier

—OR—

The Dangers Of The Postal Road

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

When they approached the place where Tom had leaped down upon the sentinel who was singing, that day when Trailing Bush rescued him, they redoubled their caution, but after looking over the ground foot by foot, they became convinced that no guard was posted there now.

Then they gained the dry bed of the mountain stream, and, screened by the tall and thick bushes which lined its sides, they made their way up very quickly, crouching somewhat, but going quite fast. Before they reached the top of the gully they heard voices and at once came to a halt.

The voices came from the outlaw camp, and as the words were uttered by men who were in angry altercation, every sentence was borne plainly to their ears.

"Can't you see that it's a flush?"

"Yes, of course I can."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, but there's plenty the matter with that flush."

"How so?"

"Because it's a heart flush, ace high, and I threw away the ace of hearts in my discard."

"Do you mean to say that I'm cheating?"

"I mean to say that I threw away the ace of hearts, and if you've got that ace fair then there's two in the deck."

"No, there's only one."

While this angry altercation was going on the boy mail carrier and his Shoshone companion had drawn softly nearer the speaker until they could see them and the rest of the camp. They saw two men sitting on the smooth ground in the very center of the level space, and not a sign of life otherwise, but a bar that was thrown across the closed door of one of the rude cabins at one side of the plateau seemed to suggest that somebody might be imprisoned there, and Tom at once guessed that it was the mine owner, and that the two quarreling gamblers had been left behind by Dan Despard to guard him.

Moreover, the boy felt positive, had any others of the band been within hearing the quarrel between the card players would surely have brought them forward, as such disputes usually grew very bitter, and in nine cases out of ten ended in gun-play, in which the man who was the quicker with his weapon came out ahead.

The two gamblers glared fiercely at each other and Tom knew that in less than two minutes the affair would come to a crisis. He whispered to the Indian, who was crouching at his side:

"Trailing Bush."

"Yes."

"You cover the one on the left and I will cover the one on the right. I want to talk with them and find out what I can, so don't fire on them unless they draw their guns."

"I understand."

Meanwhile the quarrel had broken out again between the players.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I demand a fresh deal."

"Do you? Well, you won't get it. I got that flush fair and square and I'm going to take the pot."

"To put an end to the matter," said Tom West, stepping into view, with his gun covering the rascal on the right, while Trailing Bush did the same for the one on the left, "I'll take the pot myself. Up with your hands!"

With western men there is no thought of argument when such a command is backed up with leveled weapons, and in an instant the hands of the two men went up into the air. Then Tom turned to Trailing Bush.

"I'll cover them," he said, "while you bind them."

The Shoshone put away his weapon and walked towards the two outlaws, who glared fiercely at him.

"Stand perfectly still, you two fellows, while the Shoshone ties you up, and don't forget that I can shoot quicker and straighter than anybody for forty miles around," said Tom, and the men he addressed knew that the lad was not boasting. They stood perfectly still while Trailing Bush bound their legs with their own coats, which were lying near at hand on the ground, and then took the belts from their waists to secure their hands firmly behind their backs. Then the Indian quickly disarmed them.

"Now draw your gun again, Trailing Bush," said Tom, "and keep the rascals covered while I take a look around."

Trailing Bush did as he was requested, and walking across the plateau, the boy mail carrier threw open the barred door of the hut, and with an exclamation of satisfaction Mr. Cornwallis walked forth into view.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Talk in the Outlaw Camp—Watching for Bocky—The Signal Cry from Below

John Cornwallis extended his hand to Tom.

"Much obliged, my boy," he said, "and you may rest assured that you have made a friend of me for life. I know that those bound men yonder are the only ones of the band left here, and that makes me confident that your rescue of me will hold good, but I am in deep distress about my daughter."

"I can understand that, Mr. Cornwallis," said the boy, "for I saw her in the company of Dan Despard, and know that he has taken her away from here for some reason of his own."

"But you don't know why?"

"No."

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

A NATURAL FAN

A dry artesian well in Newark, N. J., has emitted a steady blast of cold dry air for 25 years. The owner, a woman, had this current piped into the house, where it keeps down the temperature in hot weather, dispels dampness, dries the family wash, and dispenses with ice in the refrigerator. The current is continuous and steady, and experts are at a loss to account for its source and action.

CALIFORNIA'S LOFTY MOUNTAINS.

At least 60 mountains in California rise more than 13,000 feet above sea level, but they stand amid a wealth of mountain scenery so rich and varied that they are not considered sufficiently noteworthy to be named, according to the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior. Yet if any one of these unnamed mountain peaks were in the eastern part of the United States it would be visited annually by millions of people. But California has 70 additional mountain peaks more than 13,000 feet high that have been named, or 130 in all, as well as a dozen that rise above 14,000 feet.

AN ALTITUDE RECORD

On September 28th last Lieut. John Field, Dayton, Ohio, flew a La Pere biplane to a height of 41,000 feet, according to his barometer reading, but the true height after the instrument was calibrated stands at 40,800 feet, thus establishing a new world's record. The previous record was held by Capt. Schroeder who, in the same type of plane, flew to an altitude of 33,114 feet. The La Pere plane used by Macready is equipped with a supercharger recently invented by Dr. S. A. Maus, which takes care of the rarefied air at high altitudes and also takes care of changes in mixture and keeps the radiator warm. A new propeller of somewhat larger size than usual was also employed in the record-breaking flight.

WINGED MOTOR CAR

A combination motor car and airplane which will be one of the exhibits in the Grand Palais, was successfully demonstrated at the Bus aerodrome recently before military authorities and a handful of civilians. It was mounted on four automobile wheels, with four speeds and reverse transmissions, and with a Cardan shaft drive from a ten horsepower motor. It was driven like a car on the ground and then with wings unfolded, took the air, actuated by a 300-horsepower motor.

After an extended flight, maneuvering in the most modern manner, it landed nicely. Soon its wings were folded again, and it was driven into a garage of about the usual width.

The tests which were declared successful, were made by the pilot, Meyniel for the inventor, Tampier.

SAWED OFF DEER PRONG

Game Warden Theodore Wegmann had an interesting experience while making his rounds on the north border of Itasca Park, Minnesota, one day recently, witnessing a battle between two bucks and creating a wolf of its prey.

Wegmann noticed a wolf skulking along the trail he was following, but before he could get a shot the wolf disappeared in the bush. A crashing nearly attracted Wegmann's attention and he found two bucks engaged in combat, with horns locked. After watching the struggle until satisfied the deer could not break apart of their own accord, he went for assistance and returned with Supt. C. M. Roberts, who brought a rope, a hatchet and a saw.

The two men found the fighting animals almost exhausted by their struggles, and soon had them under control. They could not be pried apart, and it was necessary to cut a prong off the horns of one deer to release them. They were then turned loose.

Wegmann said the larger buck was a fine animal, weighing upward of 250 pounds. This buck lost the prong that was sawed off and the smaller deer had the tip of one prong broken in the fight.

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The Golden Idol.

By JOHN SHERMAN.

The sun went down over the African coast of the Mediterranean, tinting the curling surf beating in on the rocky shore with variegated hues of golden splendor.

In the offing laid the trading schooner Molly Boggs, becalmed, her sails hanging limply on the masts, and not a ripple disturbing the sluggish water at her bow.

Within half a mile was the coast of the island of Pharos, on the northeast point of which arose the ancient lighthouse of the same name, and in the back of which stretched the mole, Heptastadium, connecting it with the mainland.

The Molly Boggs had been laden with a miscellaneous cargo, most of which was gone, its place being occupied by the products of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli, taken in exchange.

On the deck of the schooner was a scene of idleness.

A sailor stood at the helm, a group of sun-burned fellows were lounging up forward, and at the midship's bulwarks on the lee side stood two boys, both about eighteen years of age, conversing.

One was a white boy, and the other a negro.

"So you have been to Alexandria before, have you, Sherry?" asked the white boy to his companion, in surprised tones.

"Yes, sah. I'se been brung up by Capten Boggs on dis yere wessel, Jack Brooks, an' I tole yer, sah, dis am a bad place."

"Ah, here comes Captain Boggs."

The cabin door had opened and a short, bandy-legged man emerged with a pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pockets and a telescope under his arm nearly a yard long.

At this moment Sherry pointed out at the water.

"Looker dar! Wha' yo' call dat, sah?" he queried.

"A boat containing a young woman!" exclaimed Jack.

"An' b'gum, she's agoin' ter board us, too," added the captain.

She had long hair falling down over her shoulders, was attired in a dress of a peculiar fabric, without sleeves, looked very much like a Greek or an Egyptian girl, and wore no veil over her face, as is customary in Egypt.

Her skin was almost copper colored, and as the boat drew closer they saw that she had a wondrously beautiful face.

She made her boat fast and with surprising agility came up on the martingale shrouds to the deck.

Her big black eyes roved around until she distinguished the captain from the rest; then she approached him.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, with a sudden bow. "What's wantin', ma'am?"

"I saw that your vessel was an American by the flag, and I want to know if you are going

anywhere near New York on your return to the United States?"

"That's ther werry port as we hails from, ma'am."

"Then take me to your country."

The captain was astonished at this request.

"Take yer to New York!" he gasped. "This ain't no passenger vessel, ma'am. An' wot you'd do arter yer gits thar, I don't know."

"In the first place, then, let me inform you I am married."

"Married? Oh, B'gum! An' you're English-spoken, too?"

"Yes; my father was an English merchant—my mother a Greek woman, and we lived in Alexandria since I was born, for my father had his place of business there. Both of my parents recently died of cholera, leaving me alone in the world. A short time ago an American vessel came here to carry away one of two obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles, which King Thotmes III erected. One of the crew of that vessel is my husband."

"Ah! An' ther lubber sailed away an' lef yer here alone?"

"He did, but it was owing to the rascality of an Egyptian who desired my hand in marriage before I gave my heart to Henry Gordon."

"So Gordon was your husband's name?"

"It was. His rival was Demetrius Soter, a powerful tyrant, living on the mole, in the new Bruchium near the water. He is a favorite of the khedive, and laid a wicked conspiracy to separate me from my husband, in hopes that I will marry him. On the western side of the city is the Serapeion—the last heathen temple which the Christians stormed in the year 39 and converted into a church. It is now a ruin, but still preserved the pagan deity of gold, called Pasht. The goddess was stolen. Demetrius accused me and my husband of the theft. On the day he and I were to sail I was seized, imprisoned, and my husband fled. After my husband fled in the monolith vessel I was liberated, the charge against me withdrawn, and I returned home only to find my husband had gone away, leaving me, in the supposition that I was killed. To escape the persecutions of my enemy and again meet my husband, I wish to accompany you."

"An' so yer shall, my gal," said the skipper. "But tell me, ma'am, wuz that ere idol really hooked?"

"Demetrius had it taken from the ruined temple by his negroes, and one of them secretly confessed to me where it had been hidden. I went with him and saw it. My enemy had it under his house. The authorities searched in vain for the valuable relic."

"Does anybody in pertickler own that ere golden idol?"

"No. It is simply a relic of antiquity, claimed by the government."

"Then, b'gum, ma'am, I'm agoin' ter try ter git it myself."

"I will go with you, but you had best arm yourself."

"Certainly I will, my lass. Now jist go inter my cabin and make yourself comfortable as ye kin till nightfall."

The girl bowed, and a moment later disappeared in the cabin.

As the darkness settled down, lights began to appear along the shore, and the captain went into the cabin where Sherry had prepared a tasteful repast, to which Zuleima—the girl—Jack, and he himself sat down.

After they arose from the table Boggs got Jack and Sherry and the two sailors together, armed them with muskets and small arms, the boat was made ready, and, accompanied by the girl, they were rowed toward the island with her boat in tow.

The girl directed them toward a broad neck of land, and after a while they came in sight of a wide flight of stairs leading up from the water's edge, at the summit of which stood a magnificent pillared house, surrounded by gardens. Zuleima told them it was the abode of her enemy.

Guided now by the land, they had but little difficulty in keeping along, and after they passed the stairs she said:

"Row in close to the shore. It is walled up—the water deep."

One hundred yards further on they found a mass of rocks, in which was an aperture, into which Zuleima guided them. They had taken the precaution to bring torches, and leaving the boat they followed the girl into an arched passage. A short walk brought them to what seemed to be a huge cavern, and the girl darted ahead.

The boy went on after the girl with Sherry, when suddenly his foot struck something and he fell. The torch was extinguished—the place wrapped in darkness.

At the same time Jack heard a loud cry from the girl's lips, and Sherry running round in terror.

"Fly!" cried the girl, frantically. "We are discovered!"

"Massa Jack!" shouted Sherry's frightened voice from somewhere in the darkness, and the young clerk scrambled to his feet and hastily lit his torch again with a match. He saw Sherry kneeling on the ground and ran up to him. The negro's arm was outstretched and a terrified expression upon his face, as Jack approached him with his musket in his hand.

Raising the torch, Jack beheld the monstrously ugly idol of which they were in search. Beside it stood Zuleima. The girl was terrified, for back in the darkness loomed the Egyptian, holding her.

They could see that Demetrius was a stalwart, ugly fellow, and in back of him were a dozen blacks, fully armed.

The captain and his men raised their muskets and fired a volley. As he had expected, it frightened their opponents, and they ran helter-skelter for a flight of stone stairs in back.

The girl, finding herself released, ran over to Boggs' party.

"Now's yer time!" exclaimed the captain, jubilantly. "You two run in and carry the idol here before they gits over it."

The two sailors address'd did so, and came staggering back with the precious burden, amid a shower of spears and a chorus of wild, angry cries from the Egyptians.

They dashed out of the cavern, and reaching

the boats, they got in and rowed hastily away, towing the idol in the girl's clumsy skiff.

Upon reaching the schooner they got the idol upon the deck, and carrying it down into the hold it was concealed in an empty cask.

This was hardly accomplished, however, when the Molly Boggs was surrounded by a large flotilla of boats.

Hastily arming all his men, they awaited an attack from their enemies, most of whom were negroes.

Zuleima was locked in the cabin, out of harm's way, and as soon as the Egyptians attempted to clamber up on the deck of the schooner they were repelled by a volley from the sailors, under the captain's direction.

Again and again they returned to the assault, only to be driven back by the fire of the determined sailors.

With all sail set the Molly Boggs turned her stern to Pharos Island, and under the stiffening breeze she stood away to the westward at ten knots an hour.

The following day found them far down the coast, out of sight of civilization, and the ugly idol was brought up on deck and smashed to pieces.

Had it been solid it would have weighed at least two tons—and those who secured it was sorry it didn't.

All that day Sherry was kept busy melting the pieces into bars in the galley, and when it was finally reduced they packed the precious metal in a box and put it under lock and key, until they reached a port at which it could be sold to best advantage.

The gold was sold at Lisbon, and a much larger remuneration was received for it than they expected.

One-half of it was given to Zuleima, a quarter was divided between the captain, Jack and Sherry, and the rest among the crew.

From Portugal the schooner started for the Azores and thence made her way across the ocean for New York.

After a long trip she arrived safely, and under Jack's guidance the Egyptian girl went to look for her husband.

She was not a little astonished at the new world.

The obelisk had arrived at Central Park, and was in the course of erection, so Jack had no trouble to make inquiries for the man for whom the Egyptian girl had risked so much.

But a sad disappointment awaited her.

He was lost at sea on the way from Egypt.

The girl keenly felt her loss, and for a long time was very disconsolate; but she found a good friend in Jack, who had resigned from the Molly Boggs. And as the youth fell in love with the dark-skinned widow and she finally grew to reciprocate his affection, Jack married her.

The Molly Boggs is still trading along the African coast with the old captain commanding and Sherry cooking; but they never went near Alexandria again, for fear that they might get into trouble over having carried away the golden idol.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1921.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

CORN FOR FUEL INSTEAD OF COAL

Unless corn advances materially in price or coal decreases considerably under the present quotation, people in the country where cheap corn is available should use this product for fuel, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace suggested recently in a statement showing the value of corn as fuel.

"Ear corn at 20 cents a bushel," Secretary Wallace said, "is equal in fuel value to a fair grade of Western soft coal at approximately \$10 a ton. In districts where corn is very cheap now, the coal is usually of a rather poor grade and is selling at high prices. Under such conditions it will pay both farmers and people in country towns to use corn instead of coal."

SAVED FROM NIAGARA FALLS

Two men in a small boat were rescued recently at the brink of the rapids above the falls after a struggle of three hours. The pair, William E. Galley and Philip A. Williams, lost an oar while on the river and drifted toward the rapids. Fortunately they bumped against a crib, to which they clung.

Darkness had fallen, but their cries were heard and the alarm given. The fire departments on both sides of the river put searchlights into play and hundreds of automobiles faced the river bank in a vain effort to locate the men whose cries could be heard. The illumination lights of the cataract were turned on and men were stationed on the Goat Island bridge to rescue the victims should they be swept toward the falls.

After three hours, when the men had not been located a motorboat crew of firemen volunteered to skirt the rapids. They found the pair clinging to the crib and brought them safely to land.

SHOT FIVE LIONS FROM A FLIVVER

Frederick R. Babcock, a Chicago attorney, just returned from Africa, set a new fashion in lion hunting. He killed five lions, shooting from a flivver.

"My guide was William Judd, who was with Roosevelt," he said. "We used a zebra for bait.

While other beasts were circling about a lion approached. We were perfectly quiet while the lion walked near to the zebra. Suddenly the head light of the flivver were turned on and the lion looked up, straight toward us. He was puzzled for a moment, blinded and partially hypnotized by the glare, and it was not a difficult matter to shoot him.

"Give me the car every time. It can go anywhere, except into the jungle, and that is impenetrable anyway. We shot four other lions the same way. The searchlight dazes, frightens and renders them powerless for a time.

"One of the most interesting experiences of the trip was an interview with the ex-Sultan of Zanzibar, who was being exiled with his three wives.

"The Sultan bet on the wrong horse," said Mr. Babcock. "At the beginning of the war he was sent to St. Helena. At his own request he was removed to the Isle of Seychelles. He and his wives were on the boat on which I was a passenger.

"I am a German citizen," he protested to me. "After the war is over, why should I be held a prisoner by the British? I can prove that I have citizenship rights in Germany, and I wish you would take a letter to some one in the United States when you go back."

LAUGHS

"Ever speculate in corn?" "Just once. Never again. Got my wife by finding a red ear at a husking bee!"

"Our minister delivered a touching oration this morning." What was his subject? "He asked for the annual missionary contributions."

"I assure you, Miss Doris, I'm working for all I'm worth nowadays." "Dear me. How do you manage to live on your salary?"

"Didn't you say your dog's bark is worse than his bite?" "Yes." "Then for goodness' sake let him bark! He's just bitten me."

Kind Lady—You look tired. Railroad Conductor—Yes, madam, I'm troubled with insomnia. Kind Lady—Poor fellow, why don't they put you on a sleeping-car?"

"Watch that woman driving a stake over there. She reminds me of lightning." "Why, because she is working so fast?" "No, because she never strikes twice in the same place."

"Now, Herbert," said the school teacher, "how many seasons are there?" "D'ye mean in the United States?" "Yes, certainly." "Two." "Only two? Name them." "Baseball and football."

"Your husband says he leads a dog's life," said one woman. "Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire and waits to be fed."

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

MUCH HONEY FROM BOHEMIA

In 1920 there were 88,000 apiaries, containing 486,000 hives and 182,723 swarms, in Czechoslovakia, according to returns from the office of statistics, says a report from Trade Commissioner Breed. The honey produced amounted to 769 metric tons, valued at 16,200,000 crowns, and the wax to 53 metric tons, valued at 1,900,000 crowns.

SHOE IMPRINT STARTLES HAWAII

The discovery of what is described as the imprint of "a practically perfect Spanish shoe, with narrow toe, waist of the foot and heel being clearly defined," in the surface of an ancient lava flow on the west coast of Hawaii, near the ancient City of Refuge, known as Honaunau, has aroused great comment and speculation throughout the territory.

The first Spaniards to touch the island were said to have come in 1575, when, tradition says, a Spanish vessel was wrecked on the southeast coast. But the City of Refuge was built in the century, and there is no evidence that any lava flow came down the mountainside of the volcano Mauna Loa, which rises 14,000 feet above the City of Refuge, since the city was built. Consequently, it is presumed that the lava flow containing the shoe imprint is of a much more ancient day than 1100, indicating that Spaniards visited the island long before 1575.

The seashore at the base of Mauna Loa, near Honaunau, is one of the few remaining sections of the Hawaiian territory in which life proceeds along much the same lines as it did a century ago. Like many of the other strange things contained on the 4,000 square mile volcanic island of Hawaii, the problem of the "Spaniards's foot" probably will never be solved.

KILLING SNAKES HER FORTE

Feminine snake-charmers are no great rarity, but who ever heard of a woman snake-killer, and a champion at that? There is one. She is Mrs. Maxwell Miller of Palo Alto Avenue, Hollis, N. Y., who says she has killed at least forty reptiles, one of them twelve feet long. And she goes no further than to her own cellar to find her prey.

Mrs. Miller is small of stature, but give her a rake, she says, and she will still the life of any snake. The reptiles invade her cellar every winter. They had made it their winter quarters, she said the other day, for five years before she moved into the house, and they apparently do not intend to give up their comfortable home. Just why the snakes chose her cellar in preference to neighboring ones Mrs. Miller cannot explain. They come from the surrounding woods. There are always two or three in her cellar at one time, Mrs. Miller says.

Although she was frightened nearly out of her senses last winter, a few days after she had moved into the house, on finding a half-dozen

snakes in the cellar, she has reconciled herself to their presence, and is no more surprised to find a ten-footer curled up near her apartment door than at the buzzing of a fly.

RATS SUMMONED TO COURT

Nowadays when we are troubled with rats we buy a rat-trap and lay a snare for the troublesome creature. Or if some big warehouse, or ship, is overrun with the animals they are killed by means of poisonous gas or some such method. But in older days they were troubled with rats to an even greater extent, and they had very queer ways of getting rid of them.

In the year 1445, in France, it was customary to try by law any animals that made themselves obnoxious—just as people were tried in the courts. If found guilty they were likely to be sentenced to be burned at the stake. This worked well with large animals, that could be haled into court by their owners, cows, for instance. But how did they ever get such creatures as rats to come to court? They wouldn't come to-day; you might send a warrant after a rat, and he'd probably chew it up, and that's all you'd see of him. The rats of the 15th century weren't any different, either, but that didn't disturb the lawyers and the judges, or the people either.

When the inhabitants of a place were annoyed by the number of rats, they complained, and the courts appointed experts to look the situation over and determine how much damage was done. Then a lawyer was appointed to defend the animals and they were summoned, the summons being read aloud in places where the creatures were known to exist. In one famous trial this process was carried out, but after the first summons the rats failed to appear on the day appointed. Their lawyer declared then that the summons had been on too small a scale, and recommended that all the rats over a large area be summoned for a certain day. The day came, but no rats. Then the lawyer asked for an extension of time, because since so many of the rats were summoned, including old and young and sick ones, great preparations were necessary. More time was granted, but still the rats failed to show up. Then their lawyer declared that a court summons meant that full protection would be granted those summoned, both going to and coming from court; that such protection had not been granted the rats, which, though anxious to appear, dared not stir out of their holes because of the number of cats kept by the people complaining against them.

"Let the people who complain enter into bonds that their cats will not molest my clients, and the summons will be obeyed," he said. Of course the people would not agree to keep their cats from catching the rats, so the appearance of the rats had to be indefinitely postponed, and the animals came off victors.

Fortunately the attitude toward rats has changed in these days and we trust to more direct methods of disposing of the wretched creatures.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

GEMS KICKED ABOUT STREETS

Diamond rings worth \$5,000, tied in a linen handkerchief, were kicked about the streets and trampled by residents of Tarentum, Pa., two days before Joseph DeNanze of Tarentum, picked up the bundle in Centre street. The diamonds were lost by Mrs. Joseph Klein of Tarentum one Monday morning, when she was shopping. The jewelry was turned over to the owner by DeNanze. Mrs. Klein had offered \$300 reward.

FOLLOWS PET DOG IN DEATH

Taking a quantity of poison—that which was left after her pet dog had been killed—Gladys Coulver, 20 years old, committed suicide in Vernon Township recently. She died in her mother's arms exclaiming: "Mother, why did I do it?"

For several days the pet shepherd dog of the Coulver family had been acting queerly and the animal was put to death with poison the other day. There remained a quantity of the poison, and it was thrown in a brook in the rear of the house. About an hour afterward a little brother and a sister of the girl found the poison on the bank and showed it to her. Taking it to her room, she mixed the poison with water and drank it. She died before the surgeons arrived.

DOGS AS FOOD IN GERMANY

The Budapest correspondent of The Journal of the American Medical Association says that, according to the report of the German imperial slaughter houses and meat inspection officers during the second quarter of 1919—that is during three months—the meat of 3,642 dogs was subjected to inspection, 2,331 in Saxony alone. The number of horses slaughtered was twice that of peace time. There was such demand for horse-flesh that the number slaughtered could easily have been ten times that of peace time, but there was a shortage of horses in Germany owing to difficulty of importation.

With the rise in the number of horses slaughtered there was a decrease in the slaughtering of calves and pigs. The traffic in these animals was not more than one-fortieth that of peace time.

GEMS DUG UP ON ATLANTIC CITY BEACH

Detectives working with shovels late the other night dug up diamonds and other precious stones valued at several thousand dollars which had been buried in the sand on the beach beneath the Million Dollar Pier. The valuables were part of the loot obtained in a daring Broad-walk robbery here in August.

The detectives conducted their treasure hunt with the aid of pocket flash-lights, and the search was directed by one of the men alleged to have taken part in the robbery. Two feet below the surface one of the shovels struck a metal bar, and a moment later the jewels were found.

The jewels were stolen from the jewelry store of Louis Wagaman, 2341 Broadwalk. The thieves gained entrance by means of a transom window. The loot obtained was valued at \$10,000. Three young men, alleged to have been among the thieves, were arrested recently.

They admitted their guilt, according to the police, and implicated another man and a girl. The latter is said to have played the part of "look-out." The three men gave the names of Emory Harris, Jesse Scarducio and Harold Ling, all of Atlantic City.

TRACKLESS TROLLEY MAKES INITIAL TRIP

The first trackless trolley to be operated in the city made its first trip recently from Sea View Hospital, Staten Island, through Four Corners, Meyer's Corner and Bull's Head to Linoleumville, a section which heretofore has had no transit connection with other parts of Richmond Borough, New York City.

The trolley resembles the city buses now in use except that it gets its motive power from an overhead wire, to which it is attached by a pliant pole. It can move from side to side of the road, and turn in and out like a detached vehicle.

The new line is operated by the city. Mayor Hylan, Grover A. Whalen, Commissioner of Plants and Structures; Borough President Van Name, Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Public Welfare, and other notable officials attended the opening ceremonies. The fare will be five cents.

A MOUNTAIN OF SOAP

A whole mountain of soap has been found in the northern part of Arkansas by a mining engineer, Elmer Bird, who thinks the discovery will add greatly to the mineral wealth of the State. Mr. Bird, who has charge of the laboratory of the Engineering Exploration Company, with offices at Little Rock, says the mineral is saponite, a natural soap, and that such a vast bed has been discovered that it is believed to contain several hundred thousands of tons.

So great is the faith in this mineral as a soap that plans have practically been completed for the formation of a company for the mining and converting of the mineral into a cleaning powder and placing it on the market.

Saponite is composed largely of magnesium, aluminum and silicate, a combination known to have great cleaning qualities.

The discovery of the mineral was purely accidental. While making an assay of ore small particles of the mineral collected on Mr. Bird's hands. While washing his hands he noticed that the mineral lathered and functioned as soap.

Knowing that a great bed of the mineral was in the northern part of the State, Mr. Bird began to make tests, and found it to be saponite. According to best references saponite is not known to occur anywhere else in the United States.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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- 1222 Edgewood No. 2; or, The Only Boy in the Fire Company.
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Rats, as any mariner knows, are wise beyond their years, the master of a harbor tug observed recently in discussing the rat problem. It never seems to occur to the health inspectors that when the rats can't get ashore via the ropes the next best thing is to drop into a barge alongside and be ferried to some distant dock.

INHABITED? ALL GUESSWORK

In a letter to Science, Prof. George C. Comstock takes up the question of the possibility of other worlds than ours being inhabited, and quotes some of the things the late Prof. Newcomb said upon the subject, as follows:

"The spirit of modern science is wholly averse to speculation on questions for the solution of which no scientific evidence is attainable, and the common answer of astronomers to all questions respecting life in other worlds would be that they knew no more on the subject than any one else and having no data to reason from, had not even an opinion to express."

Again:

"It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that beings not only animated but endowed with reason inhabit countless worlds in space."

And finally:

"Here we may give free rein to our imagination with the moral certainty that science will supply nothing tending either to prove or disprove any of its fancies"

On all of which Prof. Comstock comments: "In this connection one is reminded of a famous apothegm. 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'"

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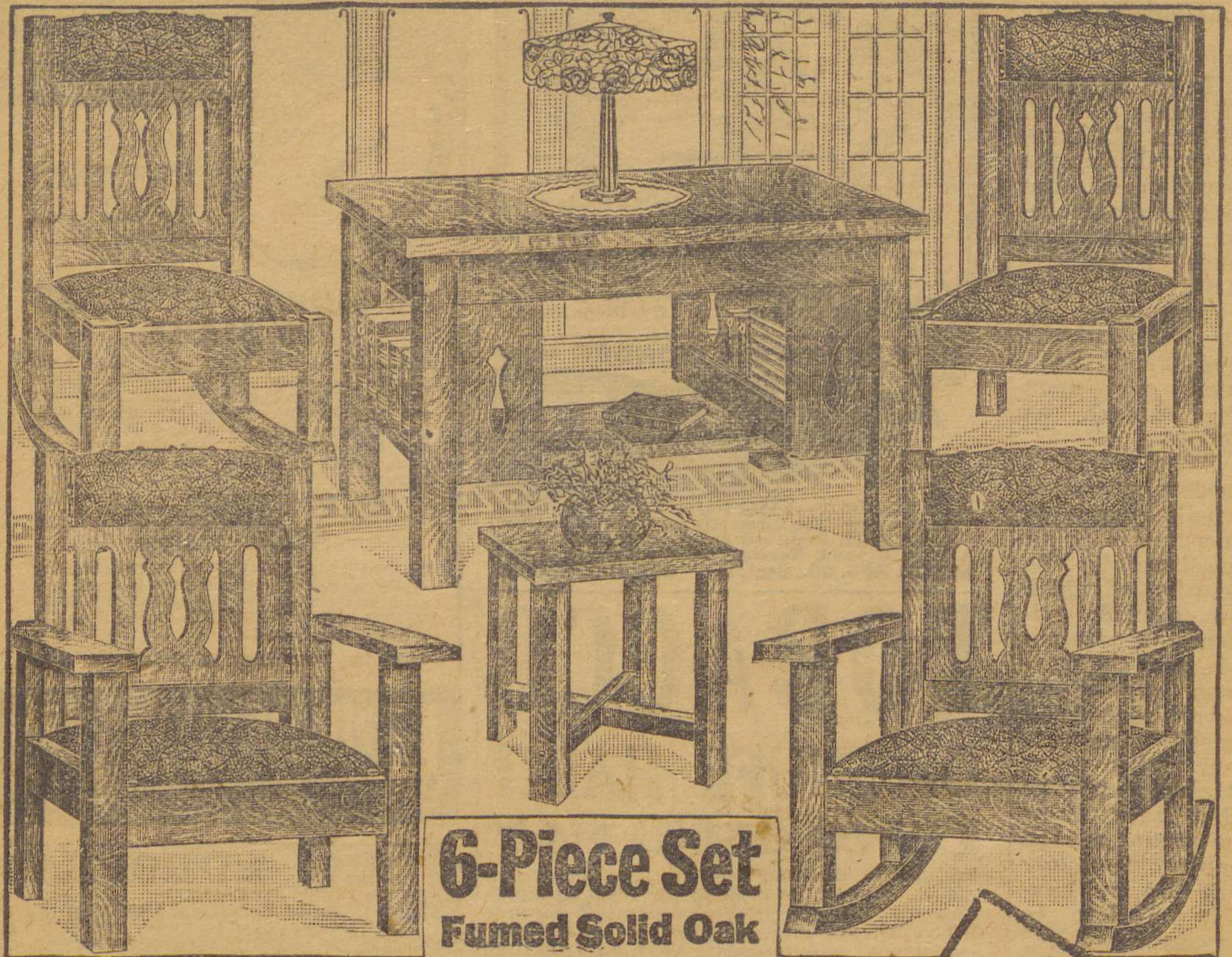
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